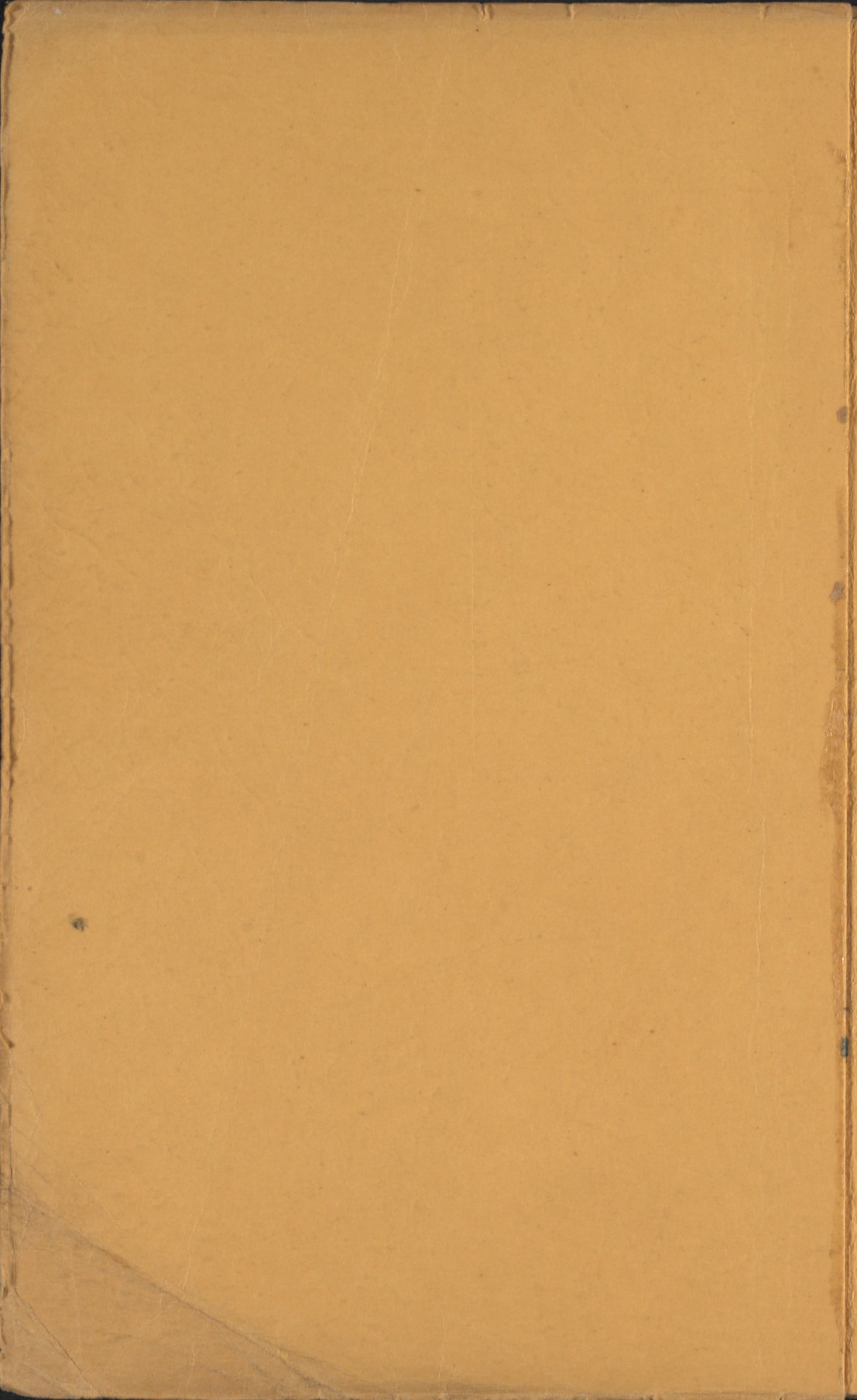


Harvard Magazine



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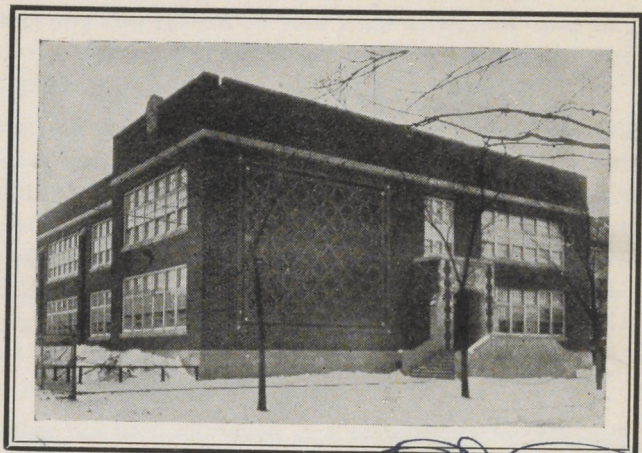
Gordon Bell High School

S. W. Blanchard

L. King

Margaret L. Arque

Arthur Lamont



E. J. Bates

Gordon
Bryant

Esplanade

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

J U N E

1934



G

DEDICATORY

B

MEMBERS of this year's graduating class from the Gordon Bell High School, to you we dedicate this book. Many of you have studied within these walls for four and five years, others for varying shorter periods of time, and in the future your thoughts and actions will be governed, more than perhaps you now realize, by your experience here. May this Year Book serve as a remembrance of the friendships formed through the varied activities of the school.

During your sojourn here you have been not only individuals striving for education but members of a society with the accruing privileges and responsibilities. You have found that, as individuals, industry, patience, initiative, self-reliance, concentration, and accuracy are essential, and, as members of the school, open-mindedness and co-operation are requisite. Gordon Bell has been your school; its character and reputation have been formed by you, and the students of other classes: from your co-operation in classes and in other activities, from your display of genuine school spirit, the school has benefited immeasurably.

Education has been described as a preparation for life, but rather it is life itself. Here you have been given only an introduction to the tools of scholarship, and a continuation of your efforts throughout life will complete your education. Your present knowledge and training will aid you in the vocation you may choose, but how much more should they lead you to an interesting and profitable use of leisure time. An interest in discriminating reading, in the history of mankind, in nature, in science, in music, in the drama, in craftsmanship, in athletics, means the difference between humdrum existence and a life full of variety and interest.

As you move into spheres outside the school you will find that the attributes of mind and character which are necessary for a successful school community are just as imperative elsewhere. In Winnipeg, in Canada, in all of the nations of the world, how greatly are needed the qualities of open-mindedness and co-operation. We must be ready to revise preconceived ideas, to see the other person's point of view, and to co-operate in ensuring the happiness and well-being of all. Narrow-mindedness and bigotry are the antithesis of education. The spirit of sportsmanship which you have displayed at the Gordon Bell will help to make a better and brighter world.

O. V. JEWITT.

Student Council



Back Row—Don Whitehouse, Don Whitley, Norman Christie, Tom Didman, Bob Law, Bill McArthur, Douglas Skead, Jack Bright, Bill Edmondson, Tom Jackson, Frank Dagg.

Second Row—Irene Walters, Edith Sheffield, Pat Hunt, Alice Davey, Helen Oliver, Violet Brown, Irene Templeton, Norma Dow, Audrey Dickie, Audrey Anderson, Chris. Webb, Jack Scorer, Jack Williams.

First Row—Jessie Ainge, Peggy McCracken, Phyllis Perry, Miss Laidlaw, Archie Whiteford (Pres.), Marjorie Sutherland (Sec.-Treas.), Mr. O. V. Jewitt (Principal), Bill Patterson (Vice-Pres.), Pat Litchfield, Jean Dickie, Cynthia Roblin, Patsy Elliot.

Absent—Joey Petrie, Bea Feldsted, Butler Walker, Don Clark, Margaret Thompson.

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EDITORIAL



IN its second year of high school status, Gordon Bell has followed the precedent of fine achievement and good sportsmanship established in the past. Since the school became a senior institution, the staff and student councils have endeavored to make education at Gordon Bell more than a humdrum routine of studies. By providing a variety of extra-curriculum activities, they have attempted to cultivate an interest in sport, music, and drama which may be continued and enjoyed long after school days have ended. Last year, with this end in view, there was established the tradition of taking part in every possible activity, and accepting both wins and losses with good spirit, remembering that "Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."

This year we had not only to continue that tradition, but to equal, and, if possible, excel the achievements of our initial year. In athletics, our teams all put forth fine efforts. They were particularly successful in speed skating, hockey, and soccer. In the Musical Festival, the Mixed Chorus won the trophy for its class, while the other choirs and the orchestra did exceptionally well. Our dramatic productions met with splendid success, "Milestones" being acclaimed the finest play we have yet presented. Throughout the year, the addresses of prominent guest speakers proved of real interest, and were much appreciated.

In presenting this record of the year's activities, we wish to provide not only a fitting souvenir for the graduates, but also a worthwhile incentive to future classes—

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

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EDITORIAL NOTES

B

DURING the past year the name of our school has been honored on several occasions by students, who, due to their initiative and industry, have distinguished themselves in varied fields. It would be impossible, therefore, to pass by the activities of these enterprising students without special recognition.

Last autumn, the student body of the school was privileged to have Sir Ashley Cooper, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, address them. As a result of his visit, the Hudson's Bay Company sponsored an essay competition, open to all Gordon Bell students. This contest was entered into with much enthusiasm, and many excellent entries were submitted. The judges finally selected the essay of Jack MacDonell, a Grade X student, as the best. We congratulate Jack on his successful effort.

Musical talent is abundant in Gordon Bell. Joyce Cassidy and Ruth Gordon, both prominent members of the school orchestra, proved themselves musicians of merit in the Musical Festival competitions. Joyce received the highest marks in the two pianoforte classes which she entered; while Ruth was awarded exceptionally high marks for her 'cello playing. Ellen Deayton was also successful in the Festival. Her contralto solo, "The Trees of England," received much praise from the adjudicators. Climaxing these achievements, the Junior Vocal Ensemble, comprised of sixteen girls, gained first place with their two pieces, "O Lovely Peace," by Handel, and "By Dimpled Brook," by Dunhill, receiving ninety-two and ninety-four, respectively. These girls are to be commended for their excellent work in upholding the name of Gordon Bell in musical circles.

Beatrice Frederick and Ray Nicholson are also worthy of mention. These two students won first and second prizes in the poster competition, which was held in conjunction with the Musical Festival this year. This is a decidedly worthwhile distinction for the school when one considers the fact that all Winnipeg high school students were eligible to compete in this contest.

In athletics, Norah Hanley and Fred Woods played conspicuous roles. Norah, who has an enviable record among local swimming authorities, broke three previous records, and also won the Manitoba Championships for the four-hundred and forty yards, and one-mile races. Fred Woods' natural ability, combined with experience and training, enabled him to make a brilliant showing in speed skating events during the past season. He now holds several championships, the most outstanding of which is the world's record for the three-quarter mile.

In conclusion, we wish to thank those who contributed their time and

Editorial Staff



Back Row—Don Grant, Advertising; Bill Dempsey, Music; Stafford Wilson, Humor; Tom Jackson, Advertising; Ira Vogt, Grade X Write-ups; Bob Law, Circulation; Buck Walker, Advertising; Wilfred Blier, Associate Editor; Ted Lamont, Associate Editor.

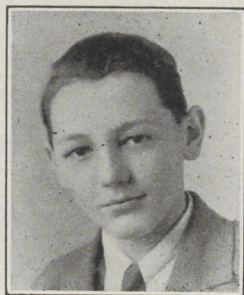
Second Row—Don Whitehouse, Advertising; Bill Paterson, Circulation Manager; Edison Trott, Humor; Douglas Skead, Grade IX Write-ups; Harold Hurst, Grade XI Write-ups; Bill Edmondson, Sports; Jack Ritchie, Circulation; Dave Ritchie, Circulation; Bernard Thompson; John Ashton, Advertising Manager.

First Row—Margaret Thirwell, Circulation; Margaret Hastings, Sports; Clara Barton, Social; Mr. Gow, Advisory Council; Miss Laidlaw, Advisory Council; Mr. Snider, Advisory Council; Norman Christie, Business Manager; Pauline Law, Editor; Jessie Ainge, Drama; Lois Phillips, Art.

energy to the publication of our year book. This group includes a number who wrote articles for the book but who are not on the editorial staff. We are greatly indebted to Miss Laidlaw, Mr. Snider, Mr. Gow, Norman Christie, and John Ashton for their unselfish and untiring work in connection with the book; and to Miss Flanders and Miss Blanchard, who helped the staff immeasurably by typing notices and material. We should also like to take this opportunity of thanking the following companies for their invaluable assistance in publishing this issue: Bridgen's Limited, for the cuts and engravings; Henry Sedziak, for all photographic work; and the Wallingford Press, for the printing and assembling of this year's annual.

Congratulations are due to William Gray, the first Gordon Bell graduate to win a University scholarship. Since this article was written the University results have been published, and he has been announced the winner of an Isbister.

LITERARY



First Prize

Old Dan

By DOUGLAS SKEAD

THE name "Old Dan" is deceptive; he was not actually an old horse. Ten years before he had been a spindley-legged colt trotting bravely up steep hills beside his mother. He lived the whole span of his life in the district surrounding Alsask, in Alberta, and as a "four-year-old" he was the strongest and largest horse in the country.

His owner, a huge Swede named Sorenson, never tired of telling his envious neighbors of "Old Dan's" prowess, of his huge chest, and his proud fine head. Sorenson knew and loved horses. His stables housed some splendid animals and Old Dan was the most promising young horse he had ever possessed.

Then came a night that changed Dan's life. There was only one thing Sorenson loved better than his horses—his family. And on this night his little son was choking to death in the dread grip of pneumonia. The panic-stricken father had rushed to the barn at midnight and saddled "Old Dan." It was fully nine miles across the rolling prairie to town and the gallant horse galloped through the streaming rain all the way. He seemed to know that his master needed all of his great strength and courage that night. During the wild ride to get a doctor Dan had stumbled once and the next day and ever after he walked with a limp. Because he was useless now for heavy labor, Sorenson retired him to the simple task of pulling the children to school in a light democrat.

Then came the fall of 1928. The land was covered with a wealth of wheat. The skill of the Slavic and German peoples combined with the heavy rains in the Spring had produced a bumper crop. To the north

and west of Sorenson's home stood two sections of waving Marquis wheat, golden in the sunshine, that would "go thirty bushels" and over to the acre. A big crop means a scarcity of men and horses. The men came from the cities on freight-trains—lacking in experience but filled with wanderlust and the need of money.

One of these walked the nine miles to the Swedish homestead and asked for employment. He had no scruples when asked if he were experienced, though he had never driven a team in his life; and because the season was short and men were scarce he was given work driving a team on a rack. One of the horses in this team was "Old Dan." Thus, in his tenth year, Old Dan was back pulling a heavy "stook-rack." In an experienced teamster's hands he could have held his own, but the ignorance of the city youth was slowly killing him.

With the threshing half done, there came a Saturday of terrific heat. The sun beat down on the wheat fields and the fitful wind stirred up a fine dust, choking everything. It was a day when tempers were short, and, while Old Dan worked his gallant best, his teamster drove him brutally. After sundown, when the unhitching was done and the teams were fed, the old horse could scarcely stand. In the autumn chill he shivered with weakness.

The teamsters and engine crew were too weary from the terrific heat of the day and the long hours of constant labor to notice the peculiar stillness of the air or the jagged flashes of blue-green lightning on the western horizon. Their only interest was their supper and a bunk of hay in an empty granary in the field.

The storm came with scarcely a warning. A few splashes of warm rain making little balls of dust on the ground, and then fury broke loose. The wind howled in from the west and swept everything before it. The cook shack rolled over and over and came to rest against the door of the granary that served as a bunk house and imprisoned the men inside. The horses, tied to the granary racks, tugged frantically at their halters as they noticed a new terror even more fearful than the raging wind and storm. The overturned cook stove had set the shack afire and the flames were reaching out to the empty granary.

Terror seized Old Dan's heart in its grip. He knew he must get away from the dread killer, fire. Then, above the tumult of the storm he heard a voice, a voice he loved.

"Dan! Old Dan!"—Sorenson calling him once again in his hour of need, Sorenson who had allowed him to be lashed and driven almost to death. But his master needed him; so he must go.

With a mighty tug he tore loose the halter shank tied to the rack and turned to answer that call, "Dan—come here Dan, old Boy!" It came from inside; so he must get in. He trotted twice around the building, whose west wall was burning now. Then, suddenly, he started to kick—to kick down the wall and reach the voice.

Time after time the steel-shod hooves drove against the wooden siding, until they had smashed a hole for the men to escape. He turned around and tried to force his tired, old body through the opening to reach his master. But the old worn heart had stood too much already. He slowly sank to earth—and twenty choking, smoke-blinded men escaped death over the gallant body of Old Dan.

Second Prize

Midge Earns His Bone

By RENEE MCGINLEY

"OH dear," sighed Elaine, "I wish it would stop raining."

"As if you are the only one," grumbled Tom.

"Children! Children!" said Martha, the housekeeper. "You musn't take on so. Don't you know that this rain was sent 'specially down from Heaven to the poor little plants who have been so thirsty for days. Surely you don't mind giving up your own pleasures for all the beautiful green things on this earth. Toby! Come here at once, sir"—this addressed to the cat who was busily investigating Martha's balls of wool.

"And—as I was saying, children, think what a poor world this would be, if we all thought only of ourselves. Oh dear," she exclaimed—"I forgot all about the oven"—and rushed out of the room.

"I wonder if Martha was born that way," mused Tom. "Maybe she fell on her head when she was a——"

"Tom," cried Elaine, "you musn't say such things. Although I have heard that old people go queer as they grow older."

"I can think of a better word than 'queer,'" Tom laughed.

Tom and Elaine were seated in front of the big fireplace in the old house at Brome Lake. Their parents had gone to the city and were returning the following week. Dad had jokingly said that he left Elaine and Tom in Martha's charge, and that she was to be sure that she took care of them. And take care of them Martha did, much to their disgust, for she had vetoed many of their picnicking plans. This particular morning they had intended to visit Tony, Peter and Jean, who lived across the lake and who were their best friends.

Tom and Elaine planned to row across, but, owing to the rain and wind Martha objected and forbade it despite all their protests. Hence their gloomy morning. It was now 11.30 and the rain showed no sign of abating. A dreary day was in prospect.

After lunch, when the dishes had been cleared away and washed, Martha took up her knitting; presently her head drooped, and soon she was sound asleep.

"Say," exclaimed Tom, "what about sneaking out and going to Tony's, anyway. Martha's asleep and we can let the gardener know where we've gone?"

"I don't know," replied Elaine, slowly, "it doesn't seem fair."

"Well, I don't want to be cooped up in this house the whole day," Tom retorted, "and I'm willing to take a chance on a lecture if you are."

"Oh, it's not that I mind a lecture, but I don't think it right to go out," Elaine replied, and then, noting the grimace on her brother's face—"All right, come on."

"As if I need telling," said Tom, already making for his cap and coat.

Tom and Elaine made their way to their boat and found it safe and sound, though anything but dry. Each grasped an oar and soon they were headed out into the wind-tossed lake.

"I wonder if we should have come—it's so hard to see in this storm," said Elaine.

"Oh, we'll be all right," her brother assured her as they rowed on.

But Tom's confident assertion was soon to prove wrong, for while they were still in deep water, though near to their destination, a violent gust of wind and an immense wave struck the boat, at the same time almost capsizing it. Desperately they tried to bring it on an even keel but a second wave completed the damage and they were in the water.

Tom came struggling to the surface. "Elaine," he yelled, "Elaine," but no answer came back to him. "Elaine," he called again, but there was no reply.

* * *

In the little house Jean, Tony and Peter sat talking. Midget, the huge Newfoundland dog and their constant companion, dreamed of juicy bones in front of the fire, Peter the Great, a little water spaniel, named after his young master, beside him.

Suddenly the great dog started, barked excitedly and ran almost in a frenzy to the door, closely followed by the diminutive Peter.

"Let him out quickly Tony, something's the matter," said Jean. The door being opened, Midget dashed madly on to the beach. Jean and Peter, snatching hats and coats, followed Midget's lead, while Peter the Great tore around in circles, adding to the general confusion.

"Look," said Tony, pointing out in the lake, "there's an overturned boat, let's hurry."

Tony and his sister clambered into their own boat and Peter the Great bounded in after them. But Midget had taken the way he knew best and was already swimming at top speed to the overturned boat.

Coming abreast of it they recognized Tom. "Where's Elaine?" cried Jean as the almost exhausted boy was hauled to safety.

"I don't know," panted Tom, "though I've yelled myself hoarse," Tony interrupted with a whoop of delight. "There she is, good old Midge found her."

* * *

"Whatever brought you out on such a day" said Jean as Tom and Elaine in dry clothes enjoyed the fire's heat.

So they told her all about it. And Tom finished with: "But if it hadn't been for old Midge we might have been out there," pointing to the lake.

"Woof," barked Midge lazily, as if to say, "don't you think I've earned a bone?"

Third Prize

Decreed by Fate

By JACK COWAN

IT was in the summer of '17, in a dirty, low-ceilinged, darkened room. A dead silence hung over the group of filthy, shabbily-clad men. Although the day was abnormally hot, every man present was experiencing what is known as a cold perspiration. A hat was being passed around from which each drew a slip of paper. Each man seemed afraid to look at the paper which he had drawn. Then came a short, hoarse cry from a young man who was of a somewhat better appearance.

Byron Collet was little more than a boy, although already he was weary of the life which had treated him so unkindly. He had been robbed of both his parents by a fire when he was a very young lad. Then for the next seven years he had been brought up in an orphanage where he had been brutally treated, chiefly because his proud spirit had never bowed to the harsh treatment of the staff. At the age of fifteen he had run away. For the next four years he had spent his time either searching for some kind of employment or trying to hold the small occupation which he had obtained. Fortune, however, did not give him a square deal and at the age of twenty he became so dejected that he resigned himself to the fact that he was a no-good, and so became just a plain every-day "bum."

Two years ago, when absolutely down and out, Collet had been befriended by some rather rough men, many of whom were foreigners. He was taken to a tenement house in the worst part of the city, where he received lodging in return for his services around a printing-press. He was in the employ of the Reds! About this Collet was indifferent. He had been accused before this of being one; and he was given a living—that was sufficient. He had no good reason to be patriotic—the world had treated him very harshly—although his senses often rebelled against certain principles and acts of these coarse people.

So for two years Byron Collet had earned his keep by doing odd jobs. He had had many spells of despondency in which he had thought of ending it all. At first his tasks were not important; but soon the leaders of that group of Communists found that he was to be trusted and, as a result, he was given more weighty duties to perform. Once he had been implicated in a strike in which three people had been killed. After being tried at court, he had been acquitted, due chiefly to a good lawyer and to the fact that it was the first time that he had appeared in court. After this incident he would have left the Communists but for a substantial increase in salary and much persuasive talk.

Now, with tingling nerves, he stared unseeingly at the paper which he held in his hand. The other men watched him; some pityingly, some with wide grins on their ugly faces, and others with relief. Then Collet set up a cry: "I won't, I won't!" he screamed in a high pitched voice. Two men came up to him and forcibly led him to a small ante-room where he assumed a white-faced sullen silence.

Gradually he began to face realities. Fate had chosen him as the killer of many men, women and children, among whom was a royal family. He was to bomb a car of the fast mail train on a bridge the following noon. The words, "I won't do it, I won't do it!" keep running through his brain although, when two men came for him, he appeared resigned to the fact that he was going to bomb the train.

While he was given his instructions, he appeared to be listening with interest and attention, and his employers thought that everything would go off without a hitch. He was to stand at the end of a bridge. The train would be moving slowly—just starting up after taking on water. He was to have two powerful bombs and as the royal car, the fifth, started over the bridge he was to throw the bomb where he thought most of the occupants were. If possible, he was to throw both bombs.

After being carefully guarded all that night and the next morning, he was bundled into a fast-looking car, about eleven o'clock. They could not go all the way by car and were forced to walk across two fields before they came to the bridge. They were half an hour ahead of time. Once more Byron Collet was given explicit instructions and warned that if he made any false move they would be standing behind him with *drawn* guns.

Now the train was seen in the distance, beating down upon them like a bird of ill omen. It stopped to take on water some half mile away. Collet was ordered to conceal himself behind a huge stone seven feet from the track. Shivering like a leaf, Collet stepped up, noticing the turbulent waters of the river far beneath, and wondering if he had anything to live for. Dying screams of men, women and children began to ring in his ears, and then he realized that if the bombs were as powerful as they were supposed to be he, too, would be killed, if not by the explosion, by the flying wreckage. Then a desperate thought came to him. Would it not be better to kill the Communists? But, turning, he noticed that they were too far away, having moved back, and that they were protected by a huge rock.

Now the train was approaching again. What should he do? His hands began to work deftly with the bombs, and in a second they were harmless. He at least would not kill anybody, and even to him at this moment life seemed sweet. The train was gaining speed. It was only a hundred yards away. Couldn't he try to stop it! No, that would be entailing too much risk; he could easily be shot at. The train was nearly even with him. He

stepped across in front of it, and at the same time a gun barked. The brakes let out a terrible scream—the engineer had seen him.

Collet's body was found the next day five miles down stream. The fireman had seen him trip and topple headlong over the river bank and fall into the swift waters. He had not been drowned; his neck had been broken in the fall. The bombs had been found and three men seen hurrying across the field. After a thorough check-up the story of the near bombing came out and many Communists were given long prison sentences. Collet was given a military funeral at which the royal family was represented by the Crown Prince; and his story flooded the newspapers for a week.

"Experience Talks"

By AUBREY WARING

"THE only thing I can say and think of is that faithfulness and doing your job well don't pay! I've been in the force for six years and I've never received a raise or promotion and I can honestly say I've done my work well and have attended to my duty without a murmur. Jim Bradley was promoted to sergeant of '13 division,' but, of course, he knows an alderman, and is a friend of the Chief; he's only been there for four years! Now, I ask you, Pat, how can my faithfulness pay me?"

This resentful question, directed to a well-built, jovial policeman, Sergeant Pat O'Brien, was answered in an understanding way.

"Harry, old boy, you get that idea out of your head, and quick! Now let me tell you something. Sticking to it pays a reward in the end. I used to be pretty hot and bothered once; I had the same thoughts as you have now."

* * * *

About five years ago I was on the force and motor-cycle brigade. One day when it was as hot as blazes I was on country highway patrol near the city. It was strange to see the gleaming white pavement disappear into a mirage a few hundred yards away. I had reckoned picnickers from the stifling city would soon be bringing their lunches out there to sort of cool off.

About noon I parked my machine under a shade of trees to eat the quick-prepared lunch which I had bought downtown. It sure was great to feel a cool breeze across my forehead. A distant sound of a pur-r-r-, gradually becoming louder, warned me of some "bird" speeding. I hardly saw him as he shot by in a big blue roadster; but he saw me. Like magic he slowed down to a snail's pace, thirty miles an hour.

"What a change," I laughed, "Funny what a blue uniform and cap will do."

The day seemed uneventful, as it dragged on. Then the road began to fill up because of the five o'clock rush of city workers hastening to their country homes.

Around the big bend swooped a big, light-green Lincoln, doing eighty miles an hour! "Crazy fool!" I gasped as I manhandled my machine to a roaring, spurting start. It was a long grind—you know the type where you swear and cuss the speeder as he dodges in and out of cars. My lecture was well prepared miles before.

At last! The quarry was in hand. I signalled him to pull over, but evidently he was deaf to the police siren. In fact he turned around and laughed in my face. As a last resort my 38 revolver came in handy. I dipped the left tire flat, and this brought the fool to a long, grinding stop.

A "blue ticket," a lecture, a squabble and a search of the car followed, all the while my victim sat perfectly calm, amazingly calm, answering my questions in a low, grumbly voice. He was Jack Newton, and at that time his voice and name seemed strangely familiar.

The rigour and hard work ended in time. I was called off duty.

The weather, the police station and my friends just didn't seem right. I was out and out disappointed, discontented. I received my pay check and began to curse it. "What a measly sum of shekels for thirty days of slavery," I murmured. Here, the bulletin board was my subject for inspection. A note was pinned to it. It read:

'Report to me, Chief of Police, immediately, as soon as you are off duty. Very important.'

Imagine the fast-flitting thought I had—getting fired, getting a raise, etc.

Finally, the Chief's office hove into view. There on the door was

JACK NEWTON

Chief of Police

Startled as I was, I mustered enough courage to walk in.

Then I could scarcely credit my eyes; it was amazing, colossal! There in the chair sat the "speeder," Jack Newton.

Ordering me to sit down, he soon put two and two together for me. He explained how he tested his men on the force once in a while when a promotion was due. This he had done with me.

"That lecture you gave me was enough to make any man think. It was excellent! Besides catching me, you riveted my tires perfectly. That's the way to work and get your man," he said enthusiastically. "Pat O'Brien, I want to congratulate you on your work—tomorrow you take Downing's place as sergeant of A division."

I was flabbergasted. I wanted to shout for joy! But my face soon turned pale as he spoke seriously.

"Tell me, how is it you didn't know me as the Chief?"

My answer was to the effect that it was a big world and that I had been shifted in from the Other Big City only a week back.

"Oh! I see," he exclaimed, and then quite solemnly: "By the way, Pat, give me the duplicate blue-ticket and I'll get it cancelled downstairs."

"Oh, now you can't fool me," I laughed. "The rules say that I must cancel it myself."

With that we shook hands and laughed. I sure left the office far happier than I had entered it.

"There you are, Harry. Doing your duty pays, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Pat, I suppose so," Harry gloomily answered. "But that happened to you. It doesn't do me any good."

The somewhat egotistic Pat O'Brien laughed and said:

"Harry, remember saying one has to know an alderman, the mayor, the Chief, or a 'big-bug' to get anywhere on the force? Well, tomorrow night you're going to be a sergeant! Harry, you're on the good books of the new Chief of Police, and that's me."



G

POETRY

B



Nocturne

ACROSS the restive wavelets danced a lonely midnight breeze,
While bowed, above the moonlit shore, the graceful, tall pine trees,
The air was heavy-laden with the forest's sweet perfume
And the slowly dipping paddle played a soft and rhythmic tune.

The moon, so round and mellow, lit the darkness of the night,
And cleft the rippling water with a golden path of light.
Each little wave that gamboled with a moonbeam from afar
Seemed part of the glorious firmament, a sparkling jewelled star.

A deer from out the shelt'ring wood stole to the water's brink,
Gazed mildly 'round with trustful eye, then bent its head to drink;
No fear had it of the wraith-like craft so smoothly gliding along,
For the stars and the moon cried "Courage!" "Have faith," was the
pine trees' song.

—Alison Warner.

May Day

HEAR the tramp, tramp, tramp of thousands
Along the dusty street.
Hear the murmur of their voices
As they fight against defeat.
As yet they only wander,
Waiting for a man to lead.
When he comes, the world will quiver—
Labor will be freed!

—Don Lingwood.

GIRLS SPORTS



SPORTS FOREWORD

OVERLOOKING no sphere of High School sporting activity, Gordon Bell, in its second year as a senior institution, has capably fulfilled every promise of its initial year. In all lines of sports, our entrants have performed admirably, and gained for themselves a reputation as hard-fighting athletes. In future years new classes will undoubtedly benefit from the tradition of combined sportsmanship and school spirit which has become a part of our alma mater.

Miss Craven and Mr. D. S. McIntyre, sports organizers, and the Sports Council are to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which they have performed their duties.

Sports Council



Back Row—Neil McCaughey, Jack Wann, Jack Scott, Ray Bridgman, Douglas Trott, Gordon Sturrock, Bob Quarrie, Gord. Pietrie.
 Second Row—Stuart Noble, Audrey Matscn, Grace MacDowell, Ruby Pidgeon, Sheila McNichol, Katherine Ferguson, Evangeline Howe, Eleanor Kieth, Bill Cooper.
 First Row—Violet Harper, Margaret Hastings, Marjory Brown, Miss Craven, Lillian Kay, Helen Halldorson, Beatrice Frederick, Norah Hanley.



Left to Right—Miss Craven, Gwen Gargett, Doris Perry, Martha Horn, Olive Laing, Jessie Somerville, Grace McDowell, Betty Bate, Ché Drover, Phyllis Penny, Margaret Hastings, Marjorie Brown, Evangeline Howe, Lorna Esdale, Helen Halldorson.
 Insets—Jack Ross and Allan Simm (Coaches).

Girls' Basketball

The girls' basketball team, captained by Doris Perry, the able centre, brought great honor to the school this year. The two games played against Kelvin were the most exciting, with keen competition throughout both games. Gordon Bell, we are sorry to say, lost both. The scores were 13-12 and 15-14, so you may well imagine that they were closely contested and afforded excitement to the spectators right to the finish. The girls hope to win out next year and I am sure we wish them the best of luck. We wish to thank our coaches, Jack Ross and Allan Simm. These boys do not go to our school and gave up much of their valuable time to come to the school and coach the girls. We also thank Miss Craven for the oranges she supplied to quench our thirst during the games and for her encouragement by attending every practice and game.





Above—Back Row (left to right)—Gladys McPherson, Aase Bratvold, Gwen Gargett, Norah Hanley, Marjorie Sutherland, Alma O'Neil.

Front Row—Gladys White, Helen Halldorson (Capt.), Doug. Small (Coach), Alexina McCarroll, Anna Skaptason.

Below—Back Row—Joey Petrie, Ruth Wallar, Betty Bate, Doug. Small (Coach), Helen Goode, Jessie Sommerville, Jean Wright.

Front Row—Sheila McNicol, Phyllis Penney, Margaret Hastings (Capt.), Marjorie Brown, Lorna Esdale, Evelyn Richardson.

Girls' Senior Volleyball

The Senior Volleyball team did not make out as well as the Juniors. Every game was very exciting and, although successful in winning only two, each girl did her best and was a credit to the school. Isaac Newton proved to be the outstanding team and certainly deserves the honor. Many thanks are due to Douglass Small, who gave up much of his time to coach the girls, and we are sure that it was through no fault of his that more games were not won. Miss King also deserves many thanks for organizing a club, getting many girls interested and giving much of her time.

Girls' Junior Volleyball

The Junior Volleyball games this year turned out very well for the girls, and everyone was satisfied with having done her best. The girls were victorious in every game except the two played against Daniel McIntyre. They were hard games and a treat to watch as well as to play. The girls wish to convey their thanks to Douglas Small for his splendid coaching. We are certain that through his able efforts we were placed a close second to Daniel McIntyre. Also many thanks are due Miss King for the time and the help and encouragement she gave.

Inter-Room Volleyball

Congratulations to Rooms 23 and 21 who together won, although not easily, the coveted title of winners of the school Inter-Room Volleyball schedule. Each and every game was exciting, and these rooms deserve their victory. The games were played at the beginning of the school term, but we are sure most enthusiasts can still remember them. Again congratulations!

Inter-Room Basketball

Once again Rooms 23 and 21 carried off the honors, by emerging victorious from the hard-fought Inter-Room Basketball schedule. The games were enjoyed by both players and spectators, as they were very closely contested. However, most of the runners-up proved ill-fated and were eventually defeated by Rooms 21 and 23. Better luck next year when these worthy opponents are not with us!

Girls' Field Day

Inter-room Field Day was held May 7th at Wesley Park. It was a lovely day and everyone turned out to make it a great success. The events were run off according to schedule. The hurdles and high jump were held in the school ground. Room 6 made 32 points with Room 21 coming second with 24½ points. The individual events were as follows:

HIGH JUMP

- A. Pauline Richards
- B. Mona Skead
- C. Aloah Robinson
- D. Margaret Hastings

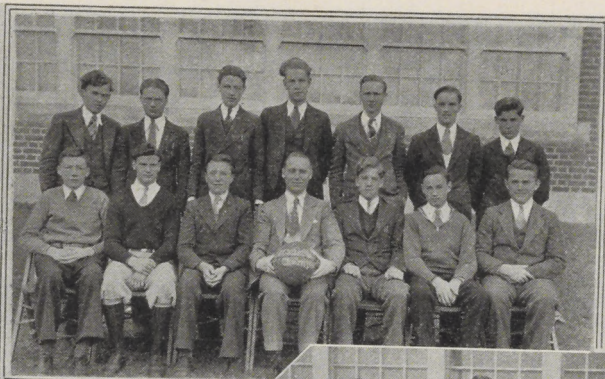
BALL THROW

- A. Betty Tomlinson
- B. Ellen Vernon
- C. Helen Halldorson
- D. Margaret Hastings

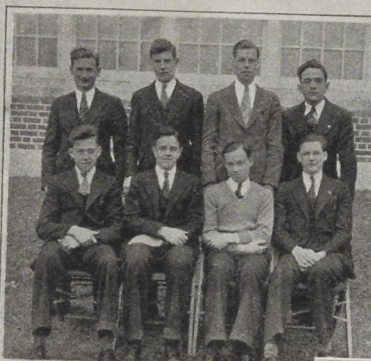
75-YARD DASH

- A. Jocelyn Campbell
- B. Mona Skead
- C. Ruby Pidgeon
- D. Margaret Hastings





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INTER-ROOM WINNERS

1. Inter-Room Football—Room 14.
2. Girls' Inter-Room Basketball—Rooms 23 and 21.
3. Boys' Inter-Room Basketball—Room 15.
4. Inter-Room Hockey—Room 19.
5. Inter-Room Volleyball—Rooms 23 and 21.

BOYS' SPORTS



Rugby

THE Gordon Bell Rugby team set out in their second year of inter-high competition under the capable coaching of Harry Young.

Although the team went through the entire season without a victory, they won the admiration and respect of their opponents because of the true sportsmanlike manner in which they accepted defeat. Disheartened by the ill-luck which dogged their footsteps, and by the great handicap usually experienced by a light team, they never ceased trying.

They were aptly described by the local newspapers as the hard-luck team of the league, as they lost more than one game by last-minute, one-point plays.

The team journeyed to Kenora this year, to play the Kenora High School's Rugby squad. Like true amateurs, they paid their own way. They were cordially received by the Kenora students, who entertained them royally. A large crowd of spectators saw Gordon Bell defeat Kenora by the score of 5 to nil, in a game as fast as could be expected under the rigorous conditions prevailing. Thus, the first contact was made between Kenora and Winnipeg high schools.

Here's hoping that Gordon Bell will produce in the future as fine a band of sports as this 1933 rugby squad.

Deserving of special comment are the following members of the team:

Les. Steadman—(Captain) "steady" blocking half. Fine tackler.

Bill Edmondson—Smooth-working quarter-back.

Doug. Trott—Slippery-hipped half-back—only member to make the All-Star team.

Norman Christie—Deadly tackler at blocking-half.

Fred Wood—"Stone-wall" type.



Back Row—C. Fenton, N. Christie, J. Powers, D. Trott, B. Edmondson, L. Steadman (Capt.), F. Eadie, J. King, A. Whiteford, F. Woods, A. Simonds.
Front Row—H. Hawkins, J. Bright, D. Lingwood, H. Stevens, B. Cooper, J. Bannerman, G. Mullin, H. Copeland, T. Daniels, J. Chisholm, J. Williams.
Absent—T. Harp, K. Chase, Harry Young (Coach).



Back Row—H. Hawkins, N. Christie, B. Mullins, A. Whiteford (Capt.), J. Volkman, W. Eggertson, C. Partington, I. Phillips.

Front Row—F. Waylette, A. Boyd, F. Woods, A. Russell, H. Armstrong, R. Creswell, J. Scott.
Absent—T. Harp, Mr. Fyles (Coach).

Soccer

OUR SOCCER team this year was under the capable supervision of Mr. Fyles, who has a wide knowledge of the game. Before coming to Gordon Bell, he managed the Daniel McIntyre team, which has always been a strong threat in Inter-High Soccer.

The student body gave better co-operation in providing soccer players this term than it has in the past. Last season our team did not have a victory to its credit, but this year we were a threat from the kick-off. At the close of schedule we ranked third, with seven points in our favor. Congratulations, Captain Whiteford!

This 1933-34 team was formed both of Grade X and XI men, and therefore we should have a good foundation for our 1934-35 squad.

The team deserved better support than it received, although it did have three or four steady young lady supporters of the Purple and Gold.

The team:

Hawkins (goalie)—Although Hawkins makes a habit of coming to school late, he was seldom late in preventing a goal from being scored. He is one of the most outstanding goalkeepers in the Inter-High sports.

Christie, Harp (defence)—These two men could give as well as take. They always "played the game" and proved indispensable to the team.

Whiteford, Volkman, Phillips (halves)—This is none other than that sturdy half line of our last year's squad. They made a perfect backbone for our team and broke up many a well-organized attack.

Waylette, Boyd, Armstrong, Wood, Scott (forwards)—Though these men sometimes had their bad moments, they were always a menace to their opponents. This was especially evident when Armstrong, the smallest man on the team, was in action with his two wings, who would keep the ball in a scoring position for the line.

Substitutes: Mullins, Eggertson, Russel, Creswell, Partington.



Back Row—Jim Primeau, Lorne Wanzel, Jack Edelstein, Keith Chase, D. S. McIntyre (Manager), Tom Jackson, Jack Scott, Jack Wann.

First Row—Ken Ward, Don Colquhoun, Hugh Allan, Bill Edmondson (Capt.), Harry Armstrong.

Hockey

FOR THE second time in as many years, Gordon Bell was well represented in the Inter-High Hockey League. Under the capable guidance of Mr. D. S. McIntyre and Harry Badger, the team performed splendidly this season. Although it failed to achieve the success of last year's aggregate, our hockey team succeeded in finishing in second place.

Losing the first two games meant nothing to these boys, and they came through in fine style once they hit their stride. Finally defeated by Kelvin, Gordon Bell secured a deadlock with St. John's and Daniel McIntyre for second place, and outstripped Isaac Newton.

As well as the Inter-High competition, two friendly games were played this year with the Kenora High School hockey outfit. Although G. B. did not win these games, sportsmanship and fast hockey was the keynote of the encounters with Kenora. After the Winnipeg game, both teams were the guests of Miss Craven at dinner.

Congratulations to the captain of this year's team, **Bill Edmondson**—clever and fast-skating centre-forward, who proved a valuable asset to the team. As well as Bill, the team consisted of:

Hughie Allan—Small but remarkably clever goalie—only Purple and Gold representative on the All-Star team.

Keith Chase—A fine defenceman with many a clever trick under his hat.

Tom Jackson—Who gave a fine account of himself in the defence zone.

Don Colquhoun—A clever left-winger with lots of stamina.

Jack Edelstein—A hard-working right-winger, always on the go.

Harry Armstrong—Diminutive right-winger, and one of the best.

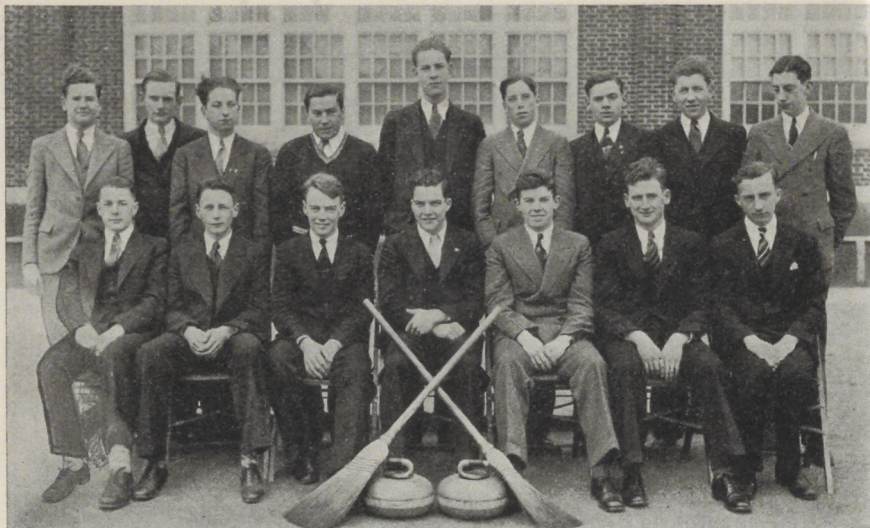
Jack Wann—A very steady centre man.

Ken Ward—A fast-skating left-winger—always where he is needed.

Hugh Hawkins—A late-comer who did very well on defence.

Jack Scott—A defenceman who played like a veteran.

Lorne Wanzell and Jim Primeau—Gave good accounts of themselves when called upon.



Back Row—Jack Meredith, Harold Hurst, Ted Lamont, Bill McArthur, Bill Williamson, Syd. White, Arthur Hanson, Orville Marty, Gordon Wallace.

Front Row—Avarid Fryer, Jeff Baker, Jack Cowan, Archie Whiteford, Guth. Hiley, Norman Christie, Eddie Bloomer.

Inter-Room Curling Notes

THE newly-formed Gordon Bell Curling Club has proved to be a very successful venture. Under the supervision of Mr. Gow, some forty members started out this year and completed a fine schedule of games at the Fort Garry Curling Rink. As the season got under way, we again witnessed the rinks skipped by Mr. Jewett and Mr. Lamont forge their way ahead; but the "kid rink" skipped alternately by A. Whiteford, G. Allan, N. Christie, and G. Hiley, began a series of brilliant victories that carried it along until it annexed the school honors. Congratulations, boys! Yours was a well-deserved victory.

Inter-High Notes

Eager to repeat the colorful victories of our last year's colleagues, Les Cohen and Claude Brereton, we entered four strong rinks into the Inter-High Bonspiel. The games were very strongly contested and in many cases the winners were not decided until the last rock had been thrown. Special mention should be made of G. Hiley's rink, which stayed right in the running only to be eliminated in the finals. The rinks which put up such fine exhibitions were skipped by A. Whiteford, G. Hiley, J. Baker, and J. Cowan. Well played, boys; you showed the real spirit of the wearers of the Purple and Gold.

Congratulations to Daniel McIntyre for winning the Inter-High Bonspiel.

The NRA (no repeaters allowed) eliminated Glenn Allan, one of our leading curlers, from the Inter-High 'spiel.

We take this opportunity to thank the teachers for their kind co-operation and help which undoubtedly proved beneficial to the members of the club.



Back Row—Jack Skinner, Bill Beattie, Fraser Eadie, Jim Sutherland, George Argyle, Harold Hurst, Burton Kennedy, Alfred Sprange.
 Second Row—Alfred Crookes, Patricia Loutit, Irene Walters, Anna Skaptason, Alexine McGarrol, Olive Laing, Grace McDowell, Fred Wood.
 First Row—Irma Toews, Margaret Lamont, Mona Skead, Alma Johnson, Mr. A. V. B. Lamont, Margaret Hastings, Marjorie Brown, Kathleen Halliday, Joey Petrie.
 Absent—Doris Laidler, Winston Wilkinson, Bob Shepherd.

Speed Skating

GARNERING fresh honors for Gordon Bell, Purple and Gold speedsters dazzled a capacity crowd at the Amphitheatre Rink on the evening of March 23rd, by widely outstriding their rivals. Mr. Lamont's excellent coaching was largely responsible for this success, but too much praise cannot be given to the diligent skaters, who practiced faithfully for the meet. Their efforts were bountifully rewarded when both the Grade XI boys' and girls' pennants were captured.

Although failing to place, the Grade IX girls displayed excellent material. The team was composed of Margaret Lamont, Rene Walters, Joey Petrie, and Pat Loutit, all of whom acquitted themselves admirably.

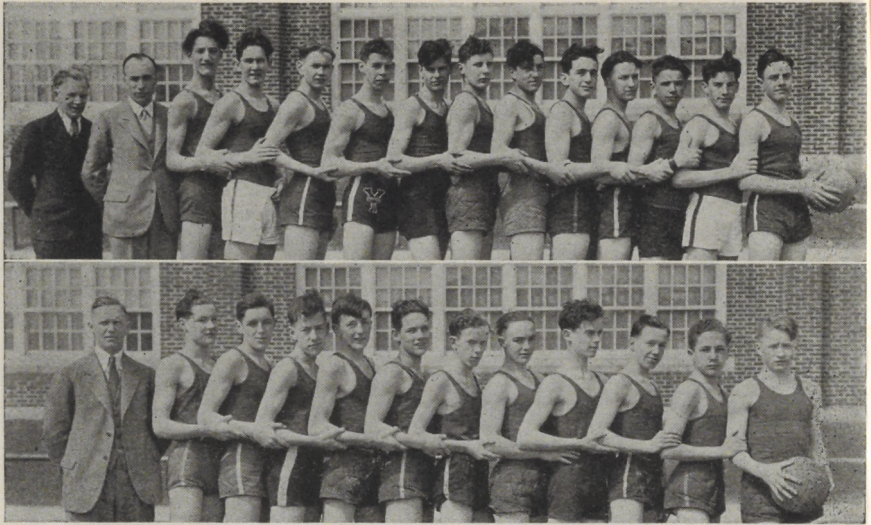
The Grade X girls did better than their less experienced sisters, and managed to gain second place. Marj. Brown secured an early lead, and Marg. Hastings held her own against speedy skaters. Mona Skead skated nicely to hand the baton to Doris Laidler on the heels of the leaders, but she was beaten out in a close finish.

The Grade XI girls, with more experience and training, went one better than the X's and copped first place. From the crack of the gun, Alma Johnson, skating steadily and surely, established the lead, which Grace McDowell and Alexine McGarroll increased, giving Olive Laing a commanding lead, which enabled her to lap the other schools to win.

With a gallant effort, the Grade X boys won their first heat in fine time, but faced with the obstacles of a three-team final, they slowed up, and lost in a heart-breaking finish. The team, composed of Bob Shepherd, W. Wilkinson, B. Beattie, and F. Eadie, will make an imposing Grade XI entry next year.

In a thrilling heat, in which falls caused much suspense, the Grade XI boys came through first, largely due to Fred Wood's excellent recovery. In the final heat, B. Kennedy slipped through an opening with rare judgment to gain the lead which Alf Sprange, showing fine stability, increased. Alf Crookes and Woods, holding true to form, finished a lap to the good.

Fine work, Gordon Bell skaters! This is an outstanding achievement.



Seniors—Left to Right—G. Johnson (Coach), Mr. Gow (Manager), B. Ramsay, C. Fenton, C. Pink, D. Lingwood, B. Worthington, R. Franklin, T. Didman, D. Whitley, S. Noble, R. Creswell, B. Fargey, N. McCaughey (Captain).

Juniors—Left to Right—Mr. Warren (Manager), B. Guest, G. Lough, D. Bruce, G. Turner, J. Williams, H. Craig, J. Wann, A. Laing, F. Brown, B. Thornburn, A. Robertson (Capt.). Missing—H. Tucker (Coach).

Basketball

THE 1933-34 season ushered in a new deal as far as Inter-High Basketball in Gordon Bell was concerned. A new coaching staff consisting of Gilbert Johnson, Senior coach, and Harry Tucker, Junior coach, worked hard to produce the encouraging results.

Although the Seniors did not appear often in the win column all their games were hard-fought contests in which the outcome was undecided until the last whistle. Daniel McIntyre, this year's champions, just managed to eke out two wins, as did St. John's, while Kelvin and Gordon Bell broke even in their two meetings. In their lone encounter with Isaac Newton our boys showed a great fighting spirit to capture a hard-fought win.

The Senior team entered the Winnipeg Junior Basketball Tournament and in their first game were drawn against the strong Varsity team which later advanced to the finals. Although our team was defeated, Varsity was quite aware that they had been in a basketball game when the final whistle sounded.

Increasing the number of wins from none for the previous year to four this year, the Junior team played heads-up basketball all season. Isaac Newton, who captured the championship in their first attempt at inter-high basketball, defeated Gordon Bell twice. They were, however, the only team capable of taking two wins from our boys. Kelvin and Daniel McIntyre each bowed once, and St. John's twice to a hard-working purple-clad team. Owing to an unfortunate accident, Jack Wann, one of the star players, had to retire from the team in the middle of the season.

Senior team line-up.—McCaughey (captain), Frankling, Lingwood, Whitley, Noble, Didman, Pink, Worthington, Fargey, Fenton, Johnson (coach).

Junior team line-up.—Laing, Lowgh, Guest, Robertson (captain), Brown, Williams, Craig, Turner, Thornburn, Bruce, Wann, Tucker (coach).

Inter-Room Football

The football team of Room 14 battled their way through the other Grade X teams to become the victors. However, the team was not content to rest on their laurels. They went after even greater honors, and challenged Room 20, the Grade XI winners. Room 14 entered this game with the old "do-or-die" spirit and consequently defeated Room 20, although the latter played well and had only to lose to the Room 14 veterans by a score of 5-2.

The members of the winning team are: Captain and Right Defense, Fred Waylett; Left Defense, Cyril Johnston; Goal, Gordon Lawrence; Centre Half, Art Boyd; Left Half, Jim Slimon; Centre Forward, Alvin Russel; Left Wing, Ray Lush; Left Inside, Bill Williamson; Right Wing, Nelson Potter; Right Inside, Robert Danaher; Spares, Victor Gordon, Jack Henry, Stewart Creighton.

Room 17 Inter-Room Hockey Champions

THE team worked well together, being speedy, and sportsmanlike in all their games. They won all their scheduled games and defeated Room 15 in the finals (two games total goals), with a score of 12-10. The team shows some promising material for next term's school team. The personnel is as follows:

Ted Fleming (goal)—Cool, handled his position capably.

Bill Edmondson (defence and captain)—Speedy, a clever stick-handler and effective around the net.

Olgeir Thorsteinson (defence)—An effective body-checker.

Douglas Trott (defence)—A steady checker.

Arthur Johnson (spare defence)—An average player, quite effective.

Winston Bremer (centre)—Speedy, a great goal-getter.

Alex Taylor (left wing)—Speedy, effective around the net, especially in the finals.

Norman Mortimer (right wing)—Effective, clever and ready for anything.

Winston Wilkinson (centre)—Steady, an average player.

David Marshall (left wing)—An average player, looked after his position.

Franklin Clark (right wing)—Speedy, a good back-checker.

Inter-Room Basketball Schedule

The Inter-Room Basketball schedule was divided into two sections consisting of the 9-10 Rooms in one half and the Grade XI rooms in the other. Room 15 captured the Grade XI championship, but the 9-10 league ended in a four-cornered tie with Rooms 19, 14, 1, and 17 all in first place. A knockout series had to be arranged to decide who should meet Room 15.

The league produced some fine basketball and the school teams drew all their players from it. If such competition continues to exist between the rooms our future school teams should be excellent.

Gordon Bell Field Day

FIELD DAY was not quite so successful this year as last in regard to turnout, but judging by the material that was there, Gordon Bell need not fear about doing well in the coming Inter-High meet. Great interest was shown in the 100-yard dash, as competition was keen in this line. Marvin Hawkins took first place in the primary division, while Ted Cohen barely won over Jim Chisholm and Burt Kennedy in the junior class. Archie Taylor won in the intermediate class, and Don Lingwood in the senior. The 220 was also closely contested, Alfred Crookes taking first place in the primary, Dave Ritchie in the junior, and Ray Bridgman in the intermediate. Fred Woods took first place in the senior division.

In the half mile, Hank Laurie, Newell Bate, Archie Taylor and Archie Whiteford won in their classes. Whiteford barely nosed out Blier in a close finish. Competition was not so keen in the shot-put. Alfred Crookes won in the primary, Allan Laing in the junior, and Ray Bridgman easily carried off first place in the intermediate. Ken Young won in the senior class, while Edgington, who fouled on a real long shot, came close behind him.

The high jumpers did not rate so high as last year, but competition was fairly close. Art Hanson won over Jack Skinner in the primary, with a jump of 5 feet. Jim Coyle copped the junior win with a jump of 5 feet 5 inches, while Bridgman barely won over Bill Edmondson with a jump of 5 feet 4 inches. Don Lingwood took first place in the senior event with a jump of 5 feet 4 inches. In the hop, skip and jump, probably one of the most difficult events, Crookes again won first place in the primary, Angus Robertson in the junior, and Fargey in the intermediate. At the time of writing, the senior class had not been run off, but Fred Woods seemed a promising candidate.

So far, the boy with the most wins to his credit is Alfred Crookes, who took four firsts and one third in the primary events. Well done, Crookes! Ray Bridgman took three firsts in the intermediate class, while Coyle, Woods and Taylor also showed to good advantage in their classes. Special mention should also be made of Sprange, Joe O'Connell, Bill Edmondson, and many other fine athletes. O'Connell made a magnificent showing in the primary half mile.

Some participation in the events by a few of the staff also featured the meet. Mr. Jewett and Mr. McIntyre made a hundred-yard dash amidst loud cheers from the spectators. Later, Mr. Jewitt contested with Mr. Gow in the hop, step and jump, both doing very well. Fred Woods turned professional when Mr. Jewitt bet him the price of a sundae on whether he could jump the length of the pit. Woods accepted the challenge and performed this difficult feat. Mr. Jewitt paid the bet.

There are many other athletes whom space does not permit us to mention, but it is sufficient to say that they put forth their best efforts, and will assuredly tax the contestants from the other High Schools to their utmost in the coming Inter-High Meet.



G

D R A M A

B



First Row—Fred Woods, Helen Oliver, Cynthia Roblin, Archie Whiteford, Don Jackson, Bob Harrison, Ivan Phillips, Fraser Eadie, Liston McIlhagga, Art. Hoole, Jessie Ainge.

Back Row—Bill Ramsay, Reg. Egginton, Tom Jackson, Don Whitehouse, Aasa Bratvold, Ed. Trott, Howard Delmage, Marie Ladd, Jim King, John Bannerman, Jack Durkin, Geraldine Scott, Allan Young, Bill Williamson.

Twelfth Night

SINCE the inauguration of Gordon Bell as a High School, it has been an established custom to present two plays yearly, one modern and one Shakespearean. The dramatic efforts of the students this year centred around "Milestones," and "Twelfth Night," the latter being of special interest to the Grade X students as it was included in their Literature course this term.

On the evenings of November 16, 17, and 18, appreciating audiences received "Twelfth Night" with enthusiastic and hearty applause, showing how thoroughly they enjoyed the wit and humor of one of Shakespeare's most charming comedies.

The cast for the play was well chosen, all giving their best to make the production a success, two of the characters really excelling themselves in their impersonations. The stage settings were extremely good and the costumes delightful.

In attendance on all three nights was the school orchestra, which, under the direction of Mr. F. E. Hubble, rendered a number of splendid selections.

Much credit is due Mr. Snider for so capably directing the youthful performers, and to Miss Bates, Miss McTavish and Miss Laidlaw for their invaluable help in producing the play so successfully. It was a dramatic achievement that Gordon Bell may be highly proud of, and an example which we hope the future students of our school will follow.



Back Row—Lillian Kay, Bernard Thompson, Tom Didman, Champion Waugh, Eugene Lowe, Don Furny, Butler Walker, Ken Young, Aubrey Waring, Georgina Finley.

Front Row—Gordon McIvor, Laurie Gray, Eleanor Hammel, Alan Brinsmead, Jean Wright, Graham Beattie, Doris Creighton, Arthur Vipond.

MILESTONES

SPACE does not permit a full description of the characters, scenery, and costumes of our annual modern play, "Milestones," but a few words of praise are due to the teachers and members of the cast who co-operated to give a polished performance of a difficult play.

The play, "Milestones," is considered one of the most difficult to present, because of the necessity for a rapid change in the characters as they grow older. The play calls for superb characterization of the parts, and gives ample scope for a fine performance in this respect. Under the direction of Mr. Snider, the cast, after much hard work, was able to portray those characterizations to some degree. Mr. Snider himself said that he had seen various professional and amateur companies present "Milestones" and any cast was to be complimented which could struggle through it successfully.

Scenery, costumes, and properties rated very high in the opinion of Mrs. Murray, of the Little Theatre, who adjudicated the performance. Mention should be made here of the splendid work done on the feminine costumes by the teachers, and also the artistic work done on the scenery by two of the school's graduates.

"Milestones" marks another milestone in Gordon Bell's attempts to give the students something more than the regular academic studies. In closing, let us extend the wish that our dramatics will continue to meet with as noteworthy success in the future.



The Orchestra

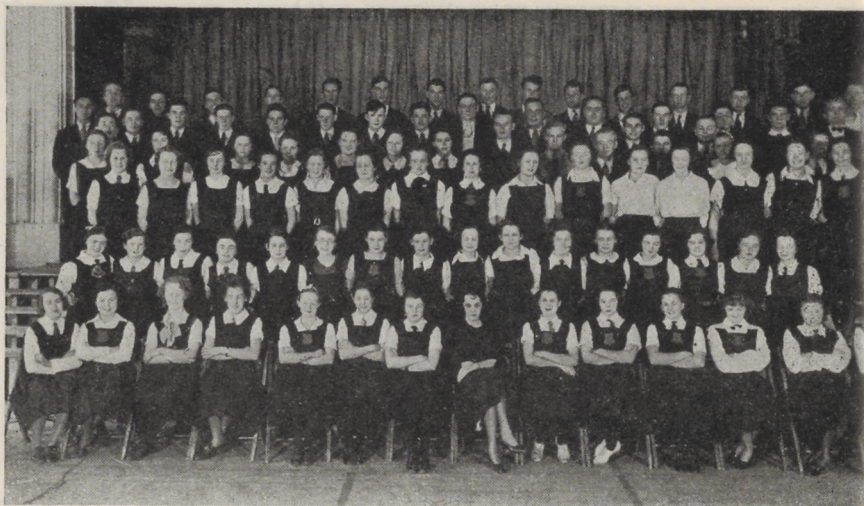
GORDON BELL'S orchestra has again had a most successful year under the competent direction of Mr. Hubble, its worthy conductor. Mr. Hubble has worked untiringly with the various sections of the orchestra and to him is due the high artistic degree attained at performances.

This year the orchestra has had many new members and it has made marked improvement over the past year. Two new members are capable of playing the bass violin which the school purchased a year ago.

The work of the orchestra for this season has included some "Symphony Series" studies, besides many other studies by noted composers. Mr. Hubble entered the orchestra in four classes of the Manitoba Musical Festival. The test pieces were: "Air On the G String" and "Gavotte" from the "Sixth Violin Sonata" by Bach, "Overture in D" by Grètry and "Minuet in E Flat" by Mozart, "In the Homeland" and "Elphin Dance" by Grieg, "Valse Lente" by Coerne, and "Rakoczy March." Great praise was given to the orchestra by Adjudicator Dunhill and the very capable pianist, Joyce Cassidy, was given special mention.

During the school term the orchestra gave its assistance at both plays and took a major part in the Musical Concert. Mr. Hubble composed the selection to be played at the Graduation Exercises. In the most interesting and progressive year which has passed, the orchestra members have had much enjoyment and have given great pleasure to others. The members of the orchestra appreciate Mr. Hubble's talent and he has given them a true perspective of good music.





The Mixed Choir

THIS year Gordon Bell is again entering a Mixed Choir in the Manitoba Musical Festival. This organization, whose members are selected from the girls' and boys' choirs, is one of the most popular of the school's choral activities.

The choir has had weeks of intensive study under the baton of Miss Argue, both as a whole and in separate units; and as a result of this its members feel confident that they will make at least a creditable showing in the Festival.

The first test piece is a traditional air arranged by Bernard Naylor—"How Should I Your True Love Know"—Ophelia's lament for the death of Hamlet. It is a simple melody in a minor key, expressing the first numbness of great sorrow and gradually growing to a tide of deep grief that is bitter in its intensity. The second number, Elgar's "After Many a Dusty Mile," is in distinct contrast to this. It is a light and quickly moving melody with a continual echo in the base which is very effective. Although an extremely difficult number, it holds the interest of the performers and makes them feel that the long hours spent on it were not wasted.

At the Musical Evening presented by the students of Gordon Bell in March the choir sang these two songs with splendid effect.

Since this write-up was completed the choir has sung in the Festival, and has been successful in winning the shield.



Girls' Choir

UNDER the able direction of Miss Argue, the Gordon Bell Girls' Choir made great progress this year. Although the choir is a large one (about one hundred and twenty voices), it is not hard to control, as it is interested in the work and unanimous in its appreciation of Miss Argue's untiring efforts.

The two test pieces chosen for this year's Musical Festival were an Elizabethan Madrigal, "Flora Gave Me Fairest Flowers," arranged by Fellowes; and Charles Wood's "Music When Soft Voices Die." In the latter song the choir has done especially well. The girls have caught the meaning of Shelley's beautiful words, and interpreted it through the medium of Wood's equally beautiful music.

At the concert given by the students of Gordon Bell in March, the choir sang, in addition to these two numbers, "The Angel," by Rubinstein, and Schumann's lovely "Lotos Flower." After the concert, of course, these extra numbers were dropped, and the choir's time was spent entirely on the Festival music.

Special mention is due to Norma Dow, the choir's faithful accompanist. At every practice Norma was present and ready for work; and, as an accompanist can be either a great help or a great hindrance to a choir, her punctuality and good work were much appreciated. We were also fortunate in securing the help of four other excellent accompanists: Joyce Cassidy, Janet Leggett, Norah Mansell, and Geraldine Scott.

At the time of writing the choir has not competed in the Festival; but the girls are entering with the determination that, whether they win or lose, their performance will be a credit to Miss Argue and to the Gordon Bell School.



The Gordon Bell Junior Male Voice Choir

"WE ARE standard-bearers, we are torch-flingers, we are the fruit of the country." These were the words spoken by Sir Hugh Robertson to the Boys' Choir at the Musical Festival. Somehow these praises did not seem to cheer the boys, but when he began to announce the marks, a swift silence crept over them. However, the Boys' Choir entered the Auditorium empty-handed and left it just the same, except for the worth-while experience and criticism gained. Thus the big night for the choir passed.

The next most important event in the choir's history was the Musical Evening success, in which the choir took an active part, singing its two selections—"Linden Lea" and "The Tide."

Hard work, if it may be called so, was done throughout the year. When called at 11.30, handsome tenors, good-looking baritones, and winsome basses would assemble, to give their utmost co-operation to Miss Argue. No choir can get along without a leader, and a good leader is necessary to control sixty-odd boys. The boys all join in heartily thanking Miss Argue for her work during the school year with the choir.

The choir has become a good pursuit for boys and we hope that it will be carried through next year with even better success and happier prospects.

A Musical Evening

A MUSICAL EVENING was presented by the Gordon Bell students on Monday and Tuesday, February 19th and 20th. The singing, under the direction of Miss Argue, and the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Hubble, were highly praised, and showed two large audiences that the Gordon Bell High School is musical as well as dramatic.

The programme included everything from vocal and instrumental solos to large choruses of one hundred or more voices. A tap dance by Betty and Frances Morrison, and readings given by Lillian Kay and Liston McIlhagga were greatly appreciated. A cello solo by Ruth Gordon and a vocal solo by Beatrice Felsted showed the variety of talent which we have in our school. A Girls' Chorus, Junior Male Choir, and Mixed Choir did exceedingly well under the capable baton of Miss Argue. Two ensembles, a trio, and a duet, were much enjoyed by attentive audiences.

The music of the orchestra was delightful to hear and showed the clever conducting of Mr. Hubble.

The accompanists were Joyce Cassidy, Norma Dow, and Geraldine Scott.



Social

"WELL, well, well," said an ex-student of Gordon Bell, "I hear that our erstwhile place of education is staging a Hallowe'en dance tonight. Let's breeze in and see if it measures up to our last year's dances.

"O.K.," replied a skeptic companion, "but I'm from Missouri——."

On arriving at their old Alma Mater, parking space was scarce as men on the main street in Edinburgh on Tag Day. At last, the aged gentlemen, who longed for a glimpse of their educational institution, were thoroughly taken back at the sophistication of certain individuals, who, last year, were considered mere children. As the worthy ex-students entered the auditorium, they found couples swaying to the strains of the music from Al Garret's orchestra. After a few dances, the former views of the two very certain graduates were undergoing a metamorphosis—(a complete change—to you). They liked particularly the orchestra's rendition of "Minnie the Moocher's Wedding Day."

The time passed by all too quickly for the dubious pair, and they sheepishly made their exit.

They would have been even more completely convinced had they been at the dance held after a most successful "Musical Evening," or had they attended the parties held after each play for each triumphant cast.

Now the students are looking forward to the Grade X Stunt Night and the Graduation Dance.

We have every hope that these will be equally as successful as the previous functions arranged by Gordon Bell.



ROOM NOTES

ROOM 15

UNDER some circumstances it is permissible to boast. Those circumstances now exist; we have something to boast about. The graduating students of 15 will be able to look back on their last year in Gordon Bell with pardonable pride, for every student in the room aided in boosting Room 15 to an enviable position in the school.

As far as sport is concerned we have an excellent record. Room 15 captured both the Grade XI hockey and basketball championships. We had representatives on every school team, representatives of whom we could be proud. The badminton tournament was helped greatly by our teams.

In the classical line, that is, drama and music, again 15 was in the front rank. Both school plays were helped by our students. The girls' chorus, the boys' chorus, the mixed chorus, the orchestra—all boasted members of Room 15.

As proof of my statements I offer you our Hall of Fame: Norman Christie—President, soccer, rugby. Lily Petursson—Secretary. Don Whitley—Vice-President, senior basketball. Neil McCaughey—Sports Captain,
(Continued on page 56)



Back Row—Don Lingwood, D'Arcy Bruce, Max Kim, Avard Fryer, Jim Primeau, Frank Dwyer, Norman Inman, Jim Davidson.
Third Row—Bill Guest, Raymond Boyd, Jack Cowan, Jack Meredith, Alfred Crookes, Ken Anderson, Don Colquhoun, Angus Murray, Ronald McFarlane, Frank Brown.
Second Row—Harold Hurst, John Gallant, Reg Frankling, Terence Stout, Norm Christie (Pres.), Don Whitley (Vice-Pres.), Neil McCaughey (B. Sport Capt.), Ken Newcombe, Ernest Wilkes, Don Murray.
First Row—Ivan Phillips, Jim Muzgen, Jenny Sirulnikoff, Lily Petursson (Sec.), C. S. Gow, Lillian Kay (G. Sport Capt.), Vernon Busby, Muriel Hogg, Jack Brock.



Back Row—Ralph Creswell, Beith Mullins, George Rose, Les Stedman, Bill Rollins (Sec.-Treas.), Stafford Wilson, Irving McDermott, Art Simons, Peter Adie, Edwin Millidge, Fred Iverson, Orville Marty.

Second Row—Ray Bridgman, Ray Jewsbury, Jim Taylor, Wilf. Blier, Jim King, Hugh Gunn, Dave Sheffield, Eric Mitchell, Champion Waugh, Eddie Bloomer, Bob Fargey.

First Row—Bill Ramsay, Cecil Fenton, Elanor Keith, Myfanwy Davie, Miss Laidlaw, Alice Davies (Vice-Pres.), Ellen Sibbald, Margaret Agnew, Jim Chisholm, Archie Whiteford (Pres.).

Absent—Josephine Van Someren, Viola Ault, Hector Stephens, Velma Graham.

ROOM 16

ALTHOUGH we do not profess to be great scholars, we, of "16," must point with pride to our extra-curriculum and sports activities.

Under the capable tutorship and guidance of Miss A. Laidlaw, and led by our class President, Archie Whiteford; Vice-President, Alice Davie; Secretary-Treasurer, Bill Rollins; and Sports Captain, Ray Bridgeman; Room 16 climaxed a very successful year.

In the finer arts the class played a notable part, with J. King, W. Ramsay, and A. Whiteford acting in the Shakespearian play, "Twelfth Night," and Champ. Waugh performing creditably in the modern play, "Milestones."

There were few "Sixteeners," indeed, who did not sing in the boys' or mixed choirs; in fact, Miss Laidlaw was almost entirely alone during study periods on "choir" days.

A class paper, "Room 16 Rumors," edited by Wilf Blier and Staff Wilson, furnished a field of journalistic endeavor.

Despite the fact that "16" did nothing sensational in the inter-room sports, we were well represented on the various school teams. The school rugby team was supported by Steadman, Whiteford, King, Iverson, Stevens, Fenton, Chisholm, Simons, and Wilson; while Whiteford, Mullins, and Creswell played on the school football squad. The room colors were carried onto the senior basketball court by Fenton, Fargey, Creswell, and Ramsay.

Emulating Miss Laidlaw's fine efforts as a member of the Drama and Literary staff, our presidential and sports representatives honored the room by being chosen to lead the school in student activities.

This proved a fitting climax to our High School education, and our many happy days in Room 16 and Gordon Bell.



Back Row—Laura Bennett, Chrissie Knight, Jean Halliday, Norah Mansell, Betty Hoole, Florence Scholes, Joyce Jessop, Olive Howe, Catherine Hiebert, Helen M. Thompson, Frances Watts, Marie Ladd, Maureen Campbell.

Second Row—Jeanne Raymond, Gwen Gargett, Doris Perry, Vange Howe, Alison Warner, Gladys McPherson, June Smith, Edythe Shafer, Alma Heaslip, Pauline Law, Anna Skaptason, Beatrice Fjelsted, Helen Thomson, Ché Drover.

First Row—Norma Dow, Edith Haig, Doris Creighton, Lois Phillips, Dorothy Dingle, Miss King, Irma Teows, Evelyn Mason, Gladys White, Elaine Wood, Helen McDowell.

Missing—Kathleen Munroe, Betty Weidman, Janet Leggett, Alice Anderson, Cora Turk.

ROOM 18

BALANCING precariously—June has yet to come—on the dizzy heights of Grade XI we have had a jolly and successful year. Ably directed by Miss King and an executive comprising Bea Feldsted, President; Norma Dow, Vice-President; Doris Creighton, harassed Secretary-Treasurer; and Vange Howe, Sports Captain; Room 18 has established an enviable reputation for the support which it has given school activities.

In sports we have more than held our own. How often have we enviously watched Vange Howe, Ché Drover, Gwen Gargett, and “Do” Perry, captain of the team, coolly saunter out at 3:30 to assist the Girls’ Basketball team to victory! Representing us in Senior Volleyball were Gwen Gargett, Gladys McPherson, Anna Skaptason, and Gladys White. The room basketball team, although defeated, made a fine effort.

In things musical, “18” turned out “en masse.” With representatives in the Girls’ Choir, the Mixed Choir, and the Orchestra, we did our bit for both the Musical Evening and the festival. In dramatics we were well represented by Marie Ladd in “Twelfth Night” and Doris Creighton in “Milestones,” while we further supported the plays by standing ‘way up in front in the ticket selling for “Twelfth Night.”

Several times during the year we tore ourselves away from the deadly struggle with Latin verbs and quadratic equations to hold first, a weiner roast, and later, house and theatre parties. Equally enjoyable, if rather more deeply tinged with poignant memories (!!) are the occasions when we went roller-skating and tobogganing together.

This, our final year at Gordon Bell, has been one which we will long remember with pleasure.



Back Row—H. Lawrie, J. Edelstein, R. Borrowman, L. Hess, J. Miller, K. Young, T. Jackson (Pres.), K. Chase, H. Chadwick, T. Ross, H. Copeland, A. Sprange.
 Third Row—K. Scott, B. Kennedy, D. Grant, E. Ferguson, T. Lamont, L. Reith (Editor), D. Clark (Vice-Pres.), A. Hanson, H. Easton, R. Cameron, A. Robertson, H. Bowser.
 Second Row—D. Wishart, H. Craig, E. Allison, R. Eagle, F. Perry, Mr. D. S. McIntyre, N. York, J. Wann, D. Wilson, K. Ward, L. Marks.
 First Row—B. McIntosh, A. Nares, S. White, W. Keith, G. McCullough, F. Wood, R. Morris, E. Cawker, B. Cummings.
 Absent—M. Solomon, H. Armstrong (Sec.), H. Dunham, C. Partington.

ROOM 20

WELL, well, at last you have come to the best Grade XI room in the school. We are controlled (?) by President Tom Jackson, Vice Don Clark, Secretary Harry Armstrong, Sports Captain Jack Wann, and last but certainly not least, Mr. McIntyre.

Room 20 from the first has upheld faithfully the Gordon Bell tradition "to take part in everything that we can, and to take our wins and our losses like good sports." Our soccer team won the Grade XI football, but lost out to Room 14 in the school finals. In hockey our team lost out to the better teams from Room 15. The basketball squad, under Angie "Chink" Robertson, won four games and lost four. Our school spirit is shown too by the fact that six members of the room played on the school hockey team, four on the rugby team, three on the junior basketball team, and three on the Grade XI speed skating team. This does not even mention the stiff competition we handed out to all rooms in the many ticket-selling campaigns.

In literary activities we were represented as follows: "Milestones"—Ken Young; "Twelfth Night"—Fred Wood and Tom Jackson. We also had several members in both the Mixed and Boys' Choirs.

In ending this account, may we say that we believe the best sport in the school is "Mac," and that no matter where we go, in the years to come, we will always remember him for the brotherly and sportsman-like way in which he treated us.



Back Row—William Gramme, Bill Bailey, Douglas Bower, Woodrow Eggertson, Marvin Hawkins, Guth Hiley, Roy Foulkes, Jack Ashton, Eric Layfield, Harold Moore, Skapti Reykdal, Lorne Wanzel.

Second Row—Hugh Hawkins, Hilton Wadge, Dan Einarson, Ed. Trott, Gordon Mathiason, Arthur Hoole, Ray Doe, Jim Williams, Butler Walker, William Ralph, Arthur Vipond, Reg. Edginton.

Front Row—Allan Brand, Alexina McGarrol, Rhoda Jones, Jack Scott, Mr. F. Simms, Bey Richardson, Marjorie Sproule, Gladys Rose, Earl Johnson, Joe O'Connell.

Absent—Stan Hull, Dave Ritchie, Jack Ritchie, Bea Frederick, Muriel Atkins, Dorothy Armistead, Margaret Thompson, Eleanor Lambert, Margaret Johnston, Lorna Stork.

ROOM 21

ATENTION! Room 21 presents its galaxy of stars who, under the guiding hand of Mr. Simms, our casting director, have combined to make our the greatest show in town.

The principal actor is Butler Walker, who handles the presidential reins to good effect, and co-starred with him is "Midge" Thompson, our popular Vice-President—a very pleasing team, and a very wise one.

Then the villain! Enter Jimmy Williams, who deprives us of every cent we have—if he can get it. His is a nasty job, but he performs it to perfection. We're all broke! Also featured is Jack Scott, whose task as Sports Captain is deeply appreciated. He almost steals the picture, so to say, with his brilliant performance.

Finally the comedian's role is assumed by our Editor-in-Chief, Joe O'Connell. With the "Wash" appearing regularly, the audience has a continual source of amusement.

The minor actors, namely, Bea Frederick (Girls' Sports Captain), Earl Johnson, Alexine McGarrol, Hugh Hawkins, Rhoda Jones, and the Ritchie Twins all turned in notable performances. As in every picture, we have the extras, without whom it would be impossible to produce our show. So much for the cast.

The scenes move with quickfire action, typical of Room 21. Football finalists, volleyball champions, co-champs in girls' basketball, ten players to the school teams, representatives in "Milestones"—all these, and many others, make this a truly remarkable drama.

(Continued on page 55)



Back Row—Helen Powell, Ruth Hammond, Eleanor Ward, Laura Jones, Marjorie Peterson, Alma O'Neil, Helen Halldorson, Hazel McLeod, Aase Bralvold, Phyllis Folkett, Florence McFadyen, Audrey Swick, Betty Cole, Helen Anderson.

Second Row—Evelyn Storr, Joyce Cassidy, Jean Campbell, Hazel Buchanan, Mona Rollins, Viola Ault, Phoebe Roberts, Mary Armstrong, Marion Hilton, Helen Knowland, Kay Flett, Doris Makarsky, Bernice Hales, Irene Onhauser, Gwen Robertson, Irene Kovsky (Sec.-Treas.).

First Row—Ruth Haney, Vivian Ardington, Anna Jarvis, Lucy Gannon, Pat Litchfield (Vice-Pres.), Mr. Moore, Miss Newton, Chrys. Webb (Pres.), Marguerite Crosbie, Lillian Kluckner, Margaret McKean.

ROOM 22

WHOOOPS! Here we are! After you have waded through the somewhat dry and tedious notes which have gone before, we are sure that the news of our doings will prove a welcome change; so now everybody, Stop! Look! and Read! while we attempt to give you an account of our school activities under the able leadership of Miss Hewton, with the help of Chrystabel Webb as President, Pat Litchfield as Vice-President, Irene Kovsky as Secretary-Treasurer, and Helen Halldorson as Sports Captain. Helen also became Girls' Sports Captain for the school as well as a member of the volley-ball and basketball teams.

Aase Bratvold, our "Garbo," represented us as "Olivia" in "Twelfth Night," and was also on the volleyball team.

We have our share of musicians too, for we have three orchestra members in the persons of Joyce Cassidy, Eleanor Ward and Lillian Kluckner, and numerous chorus members; in fact, too numerous to name.

Early in the term we had a successful weiner roast in Fort Garry and later a hike, this time to Polo Park.

Our room paper, edited by Alma O'Neil, was appropriately named the "Schreech Howl" in accordance with our mascot, "Olly the Owl." "Olly," with Room 22, wishes to say good-bye, as this draws to a close our four years at Gordon Bell which will always be cherished in our memories as four outstanding years of our school life.



Back Row—Mildred Henry, Betty Tomlinson, Elinor Browne, Olive Laing, Grace Pearson, Martha Horn, Pauline Richards, Pat Hunt (Vice-Pres.), Marjorie Andrews, Kay Brown, Isabelle Amos, Suzanne Collon, Yvonne Bretesher, Alma Turk.
 Second Row—Mona Rollins, Dorothy Huggins, Jocelyn Campbell, Ruth Flanders, Audrey Penston, Mona Frye, Lyle Hadden, Betty Coyle, Frances Faiers, Eileen Graham, Norah Hanley, Lillian Kernaghan.
 Front Row—Clara Barton, Ruth Fryer, Louise Helliwell, Margie Thirwell (Sec.), Isabel Wilmot, Miss Flanders, Iva Withers, Ruth Fieldhouse, Mary Taylor, Margaret Lennox, Margaret Mathieson.
 Missing—Marjorie Sutherland (Pres.), Madeline Caughey, Gertrude McDowell, Peggy Thomson.

ROOM 23

Name	Occupation	Ambition	Destination
AMOS, ISOBEL	Changing her place	To understand	Historian
ANDREW, MARJ.	"Chewing the rag"	Musician	Pianist at Kresge's
BARTON, CLARA	Laughing	Dramatist	A checked career
BROWNE, ELINOR	Growing up	To speak Spanish	Missionary
BUTESCHER, YVONNE	Studying	Nurse	Butcher
BROWN, KAY	Mannequin	Ditto	Likewise
CAMPBELL, JOCELYN	Asking questions	Algebra prof.	Unknown
COYLE, BETTY	Tennis pro.	Davis Cup Team	Accident ward
CAUGHEY, MADELINE	Writing	Novelist	Librarian
COLLON, SUZANE	Drawing	To draw pay	Bill poster
FRYER, RUTH	Disturbing the peace	To be martyr	Policewoman
FAIERS, FRANCES	Painting	To paint on canvas	Canvassing brushes
FIELDHOUSE, RUTH	Warbling	Operatic career	Amateur night
FLANDERS, RUTH	Working hard	Unknown	Doubtful
FRYE, MONA	Printing	Publisher	Blotter tester
GRAHAM, EILEEN	Meditating	Rhodes Scholarship	Movie Censor
HADDEN, Lyla	Cramming	To graduate	A nest in the hill
HUGGINS, DOT	Diving	Private Secretary	School marm
HUNT, PAT	Driving around	gambler	Poor House
HENRY, MILLIE	Smiling sweetly	Multigrapher	Counterfeiter
HORN, MARTHA	Playing basketball	To get 105	Peanut vendor
HANLEY, NORAH	Being popular	Olympics	Life guard
HELLIWELL, LOUISE	Translating French	Linguist	Window demonstrator
KERNAGHAN, LILLIAN	Typing	Millionaire	Deaconess
LAING, OLIVE	Working problems	Track star	Messenger
LENNOX, MARG.	Editing papers	Diplomat	Information bureau
MATHIESON, MARG.	Sprinting	Mathematician	Orator
MCDOWELL, GERTRUDE	Being clever	To succeed	Politician
PEARSON, GRACE	Being polite	To get on	Chorus girl
PENSTON, AUDREY	Talking Icelandic	Marathon dancer	Championship
RICHARDS, PAULINE	Grimacing	To be serious	Undertaker
SUTHERLAND, MARJ.	Rapping for order	Premier	Auctioneer
TAYLOR, MARY	Getting hundreds	Movie actress	Justice of the Peace
TOMLINSON, BETTY	Book-keeping	To learn book-keeping	Book-keeper
TURK, ALMA	Being absent	Globe trotter	L. A. B.
THIRLWELL, MARGIE	Collecting fees	To write books	Corpse
THOMPSON, PEGGY	Being happy	To get the news	Philanthropist
WITHERS, IVA	Keeping dates	To go on strike	Solitary confinement
WILMOT, ISOBEL	Being herself	Athlete	Walking delegate



Back Row—G. Smith, W. Long, F. Hook, A. Young (Sec.), G. Bryant, T. Hatley, F. Crookes, J. Power, R. Ostrander.
 Second Row—E. Shipman, G. McDowell (Sports Captain), R. Trueman, I. Vogt, T. Didmon, R. Miller, D. Small, B. Mitchell, G. Knowles, V. Rogers.
 First Row—P. Penney, P. Parry (Vice-Pres.), J. Willson, A. Guspodoric, Miss Carruthers, M. Ellis, D. Brunskill, U. Nodder, H. Baker, M. Hutcheon.
 Missing—J. Somerville, E. Sissons, R. Whiting.

ROOM 1

YOU could not have been in the school long without having heard of us, the first and best room in the school. Because we are next door to the office of our principal does not in any way mean that we cannot make a row or have any fun.

You must be anxious to know who our class officers are. The leader is Miss Carruthers, whom we wish to thank for her splendid co-operation and interest in all of the room and school events. Our President, Tom Didmon, represented our room on the school rugby team and in the play "Milestones." A great help to our President is Phyllis Parry, Vice-President, who is a very likable and studious girl; she is also in the chorus. Allan Young, our Secretary, collects our money and we have our suspicions of what is done with it. He was our representative in "Twelfth Night." As Room 1 is a mixed class, we have two Sports Captains—Gordon Sturrock and Grace McDowell, who is making a name for herself in her splendid exhibitions of guarding on the school basketball team.

Fred Hooke, our cartoonist, has done some fine caricatures. Fred Crooks represents the room in the orchestra.

Our representatives on the girls' volley-ball team are Jessie Somerville and Phyllis Penny. On the basketball team we have Grace McDowell, Phyllis Penny, and Jessie Somerville.

Glenn Allan represented our room on the school hockey and curling teams, and Jimmy Powers on the rugby team.

Well, good-bye everybody. We're all quite sure that we'll be in Grade XI next year, and so . . . good-bye everybody.



Back Row—Charles Fletcher, Geoff. Baker, Bill Beattie, Forbes Campbell, Burton McLean, Fraser Eadie, Jack Sprague, Jack Bright, Don Guravich, Dave Vincent, Earle Simpson, Hew Cay.

Second Row—Viola Pendelton, Marg. Kent, Liston McIlhagga, Frank Reynolds, Morris Wright, Tom Racey, Bill Cooper, Ronald Cameron, Bill Stephenson, Archie Taylor, Stuart Way, Gordon Meredith, Rene Perry, Jean Coltart.

First Row—Ruth Bartlett, Betty Brockie, Audrey Anderson, Lorna Lamont, Shirley Garrett, A. V. B. Lamont, Olive Cross, Marjorie Brown, Phyl. Wiggins, Beth McRae, Bea Ross.

ROOM 2

ROOM 2—a room that is a room, boasting of several smart athletes, among both boys and girls, such as Marjorie Brown (who held positions on several of the school teams), Jack Bright, Fraser Eadie, Bill Beattie, Jack Sprange, and Archie Taylor. We also have several good scholars in the room. Our bright boy, however, is pint-sized Charlie Fletcher, who usually obtains the top-notch marks. Our respected chief (and slave-driver) is A. V. B. Lamont, with class officers as follows: Jack Bright, our popular President; Audrey Anderson, Vice-President; Frances Caldwell, Secretary and Sports Captains of the boys and girls, Bill Cooper and Marjorie Brown respectively.

A good portion of our room is made up of students who are repeating Grade X. This, of course, handicapped them in making places on the school teams. Room 2 made a creditable showing in all of the inter-room competitions, faring not too badly in soccer, and, with its dynamite forward line of Sprange, Taylor, Way, and goalie Harrison, succeeded in breaking even in all its hockey games played.

Mention must also be made of the wealth of public-speaking material in the room (for full particulars enquire Mr. T. A. Arnason, Room 14) such as Liston McIlhagga, Bill Stevenson and Tom Racey. Unfortunately space will not permit mention of the other members of this room, but in summing up the activities of Room 2, we think we are fully entitled to this biography. The majority of our class members are hoping to be together next year for bigger and better activities in Grade XI.



Back Row—Del Weager, Violet Ross, Ruth Vipond, Irma Tromley, Annie Reid, Kay Smith, Ellen Vernon, Kay Bemister, Dorothy Kerr, Alice Sider.
 Second Row—Audrey Dickie, Eugene Low, Fern Ryles, Winnie Wylie, Ileine Wilson, Roberta Munsie, Elsie Dennis, Bernice Cannem, Jean Gandy, Dorothy Goodridge, Violet Matthews.
 First Row—Violet Harper, Rae Hodgkinson, Kay Hemming, Gabrielle Anderson, Miss Craven, Dorothy Orr, Elsie Hudson, Eileen Barker, Dorothy English.
 Absent—Jean Dickie, Lillian Wallace, Leonora Ostrom, Edith Burton, Alice Cox, Eva Lush, Doris Laidler, Almah Robinson.

ROOM 3

WITH Grade X almost behind us we are becoming curious as to what it is all about. In fact, we begin to say, "What do we come to school for?" This query is apparently worrying our teachers, too, for they ask us the same question several times each day. Grade X is a transition period, to prepare us for high school, and, as a result, we generally take advantage of its freedom.

Now, what have we done? On the whole, our room has played an outstanding part in many activities. We held several successful hikes and skating parties. These were followed by refreshments, served at various girls' homes.

Musical ability is plentiful in Room 3, as our classmates were to be found in all the choruses, ensembles, and duets. In dramatics, too, the class was well represented.

While the girls did not merit the winning places in basketball and volleyball, they must be complimented for their team play. Sports Captain Violet Harper was largely responsible for their good work.

Our class was headed by Audrey Dickie, President; Jean Dickie, Vice-President; and Elsie Dennis Secretary. The excellent work of Elsie Hudson in editing the "Squeaks and Scrawls" cannot be overlooked, for it speaks for itself.

Now, why DID we come to school? Well, we will let you figure that out for yourself. We are now looking forward to the June exams (?) and then—the summer holidays!



Third Row—Violet Brown (Vice-Pres.), Evelyn Fleming (Treas.), Margaret Ross, Margaret Murphy, Jean Wright, Frances Slater, Yvonne Conquist, Ruth Maitland, Sophie Rabinovitch, Marguerite McFadyen (Sec.), Margaret McEwan, Edna Murner.

Second Row—Betty Andrews, Ann Lamont, Zenia Lereng, Eunice Evans, Patsy Bourke, Ann Conway, Ena Attwood, Evelyn Wickett, Helen Oliver (Pres.), June Neill, Inez Potter.

First Row—Grace Knox, Jo Blythe, Ruby Pidgeon (Sports Capt.), Emma Fiala, Peggy Esau, Miss McTavish, Edna Reith, Evelyn Le Pers, Kay Leigh, Pat Peatman.

Missing—Marjory Meston, Iris Rutherford, Jean Scott, Beatrice Thom.

ROOM 4

HELLO, ladies and gentlemen! You are listening to the annual broadcast of Room 4. While we are waiting for the entertainers to appear, I will tell you some of the things that have been going on here during the term.

Our elections took place in the fall and our executive has certainly proved itself well chosen. Helen Oliver, in spite of her red hair, has been a cool-headed and diplomatic President. She has to be, to handle a roomful of girls. Her able assistant is Violet Brown, Vice-President. Marguerite McFayden, another red-head, is Secretary, and Evie Flemming is our Treasurer.

That vivacious little blond, Ruby Pidgeon, led our volleyball team to victory in the Grade X finals and to second place in the school finals. An outstanding player on the volleyball team, Jean Wright is also the actress of the room. You probably saw her as Mrs. Rhead in "Milestones."

Our class teacher, Miss McTavish, has been a real friend, and we sincerely hope to be under her guidance next year.

We have had two very successful parties. The first was a weiner roast and the second a tramp. The second event was even more successful than the first, particularly the latter part of the evening, which was spent at our Secretary's home.

The class comedians, Peggy and Emma, are waiting to take the "mike," so your news reporter will say goodbye until next term.



Back Row—Herbert Lydman, Edward Jobin, Ian Fraser, Aubrey Halter, Allan Livingston, Ray Nicolson, Jimmie Coyle, Doug. Wiltshire, Monte Desreaux, Eric Pincock (Editor), Frank Banks, Bernard Knipe, Ray Nisbett.

Second Row—Bob Munsie (Sport Capt.), Jack Durkin (Pres.), Henry Reichert, Wilma Hall, Joan Capstick, Stella Gach, Irene Templeton (Vice-Pres.), Mildred Johnston, Peggy Tillman, Pat Scandrett, Mary Pearson, Doug. Lloyd, Lloyd Cottingham, Arthur May.

First Row—Winnifred Wills, Esther Reichert, Marie Batty, Jean Howatson, Marjorie Durkin (Sec.), Mr. Fyles, Ruth Hand, Marguerite Madson, Betty Tillman, Audrey Madson, Ellen Faires.

ROOM 5

HOW do you do, folks! This is Room V speaking. We wish to relate to you the story of our doings for the past year. Here goes!

Each morning, except Saturdays and Sundays and once or twice during the week, all the members come to school to present themselves before Mr. Fyles, our class teacher and the man who knows his history.

The class officers are as follows: Jack Durkin, otherwise known as Malvolio in the school play, is President; Irene Tempelton, known as "Tempie," is Vice-President; Marjorie Durkin, sister to the President, is Secretary; Audrey Madson is Girls' Sports Captain, and Bob Munsie is Boys' Sports Captain. These officers manage to keep the class in order (sometimes). We have the pleasure of having Mr. Jewitt for our Geometry teacher. (Many of the class have had more than one writer's cramp writing out propositions after four.)

We have a room paper, "The Beacon," which is published every now and again when the editors feel energetic. Jack Durkin and Howard Delmage represented the room in the school play, "Twelfth Night." A number of the class are in the school orchestra. Several room parties were held during the year and were all very successful.

The room is composed of a good crowd and, altogether, we have had a fine year and hope to be together again in the coming term.



Back Row—Muriel Antill, Kay Halliley, Ruth Lyon, Margaret Hastings, Margaret McNabb, Gerry Scott, Betty Knox, Florence Rogers, Marjorie Gilliat, Mary Weekes, Irene Barnes.
 Second Row—Elinor Duncan, Ilse Maass, Dorothy Johnston, Cherrie Archibald, Thelma Ferguson, Frances Teakles, Marie Heuchert, Mona Skead, Kay Ross, Betty Ellis, Asa Kristjansson, Phyllis James, Doris Raven.
 First Row—Mary D'Armond, Lenore Morgan, Norma Verner, Betty Morrison, Miss Bates, Dorothy Graham, Cynthia Roblin, Margaret Ross, Dorothy McLaren.
 Absent—Lois Nowlan, Eleanor Moore, Patricia Elliott, Alma Johnson, Alice Wylie, Dorothy Forsyth.

Gordon Bell High Prison

CELL 6

THE inmates of Cell 6, a motley crew of law-breakers, shine in high averages and low conduct, according to authentic reports of Warden Bates. "Cuddly" Patsy Elliott, serving a sentence for learning, is our ringleader. She is seconded by Cynful Roblin, alias "Chinese Mandarin," alias dancer, and "Flirty" Rogers, Second Lieutenant (Secretary to you), to whom we owe our intellectual standard. "Jaw Breaker" Gerry Scott, accused of social aspirations, has to her credit or discredit a successful weiner roast, "pink tea," breakfast at Child's, swimming, and various other gala affairs. From this it may be seen what a versatile law-breaker "Jaw-breaker" Gerry can be.

On the prison teams of volleyball, basketball, and speed skating we find Marg. "Trophy Stealer" Hastings (Sports Captain), and on the last named, "Alibi" Alma Johnson and Mona Speed—pardon us, Skead.

Ruth Lyon, who before her sentence was a serious rival of Walter Winchell, finds herself so occupied with plans for a quick getaway—pass in June—that such plebeian things as paper-editing have completely flown her mind.

Among the most notorious of our fellow prisoners is Betty Morrison, who has on her criminal record a score of offences; namely, singing, dancing, and tickling the ivories. Then follows "Stormy" Verner, "Lefty" Morgan, Betty Knocks, Margaret McGrabb, and Betty "Racketeer" Ellis, not to mention Marie "Hard-Hit."

This short but graphic account of Cell 6 is intended as a tribute to our staff of wardens, also Prison-Governor, by the inmates in recognition of their patience, sportsmanship, and good spirit. May we say that they have been the best it has ever been our luck to meet in the past or present of our eleven-year sentence.



Back Row—Florence Harris, Grace MacIntyre, Ruth Wallar, Ruth Brereton.

Third Row—Florence Fred, Miriam Sephton, Joyce Fallow, Carol Felsted, Pauline Martin, Lorna Esdale, Helen McPherson, Sheila McNicol, Monica Adams, Betty Ann Boardman, Vivian Bannerman.

Second Row—Norma Annett, Margaret Kitching, Helen Atkinson, Stella Christowski, Una Davies, Muriel Dixon, Betty Cassidy, Margaret Riddell, Ruth Douglas, Helen Goode, Betty Bate, Ruth Gordon, Mildred Creswell.

First Row—Peggy McCracken, Margaret Jamieson, Pauline King, Jessie Ainge, Miss Argue, Margaret Norwell, Margaret Woolman, Betty Galusha.

ROOM 7

Name	Hobby	Appearance	Needs
MONICA ADAMS	Eyebrows	Dark	Rouge
JESSIE AINGE	Composition	Always	Dictionary
NORMA ANNETT	Absent	Sometimes	Tunic
HELEN ATKINSON	Dictionaryes	Sometimes	Haircut
VIVIAN BANNERMAN	Gum	Seldom	Fat
BETTS BATE	Forgetting	I guess so	Brains
BETTY BOARDMAN	Clothes	Mannequin	More marks
RUTH BRERETON	Ditto	Ditto	Heart
BETTY CASSIDY	Giggling	Smiling	Woollies
MILDRED CRESWELL	Chattering	Penless	A gag
STELLA CHRISTOWSKI	Geometry	Dreamy	Nerve
UNA DAVIES	Bangs	English	Bobby pin
MURIALO DIXON	Jumpers	Short	Running shoes
RUTH DOUGLAS	Popular songs	Yeh!	Powder
LORNA ESDALE	Borrowing	Cheerful	To grow
CAROL FELSTEAD	Drawing	Freckles	A voice
JOYCE FALLOW	Reading	Quiet	Eileen Barker
FLORENCE FRED	Late	Late	Alarm clock
BETTY BALUSHA	Talking	Yes	Safety pin
HELEN GOOD	Borrowing	Tall	Comb
RUTH GORDON	'Cello	Often	Her 'Cello
FLORENCE HARRIS	Fingernails	Oh Yeah!	Plenty
MARGARET JAMIESON	Scarlet fever	Almost never	Antitoxin
PAULINE KING	Clothes	Dumb	Polish remover
MARGARET KITCHING	Reducing	Thin	Food
PAULINE MARTIN	Green	Eh	Height
PEGGY MCCRACKEN	Boys	Mae West	To reduce
ISABELL MCCULLOCH	Algebra	Round	Lipstick
GRACE MCINTYRE	Gum	Mysterious	Olive Cross
SHEILA MCNICHOL	Collars	Irish	Front seat
HELEN MCPHERSON	Giggling	Weak	Compact
MARGARET NORWELL	Operations	Rosy	Sympathy
MARGARET RIDDELL	French	Uh-huh	Compact
MIRIAM SEPHTON	Behaving	So what?	Everything
RUTH WALLAR	Tennis	Slender	Sense
MARGARET WOOLMAN	Handkerchiefs	Demure	Spanking



Back Row—Left to Right—Graham Beatty, Gordon Lawrence, Bill McArthur (Vice-Pres.) El Schell, Gerald Furney, Grant Corbett, Bill Van Alstine, Fred Waylett, Jack Agnew.
 Third Row—Bob Law (Pres.), Bruce Adair, George MacAuley, Earl Wagar, Dave Johnson, B Worthington, Winston Batley, Roland Antaya, Bob Danaher, Jim Slimon.
 Second Row—Sid Young, Bill Comrie, Bill Williamson (Sec.), Jack Henry, Vic Gordon, Ernie Ledbrock, Elmer MacKenzie, Nelson Potter, Art Boyd, Bill Corbett.
 First Row—Bernard Thompson, Cyril Johnston, Ray Lush, Alvin Russell, Mr. Arnason, Charles Williams, Stan Nunn, Bob Shepherd, Stewart Creighton.
 Missing—Albert Rewcastle, Newell Bate.

ROOM 14

HEIGH! HO! This is the voice of Room 14 recording the months of accumulated news. To begin with, we have been led by capable room officials. On the executive were Bob Law in the role of President; Bill McArthur, Vice-President; Bill Williamson, Secretary; and Fred Waylett, Sports Captain.

We managed to gain a fair reputation in sports, defeating all other Grade X's and Grade XI's in football. Inter-room football was supported by G. Lawrence, F. Waylett (Captain), C. Johnstone, V. Gordon, A. Boyd, J. Sliman, N. Potter, R. Danaher, A. Russell, B. Williamson, and R. Lush. Bob Worthington was a member of the school basketball team, while Bob Shepherd represented our room and school in the skating races.

The room had several successful parties. The biggest was held by Vic Gordon at his farm, with Mr. Arnason present. A good time was had by everyone.

Room 14 was very successful in ticket-selling, selling the highest percentage of tickets in the school for the Musical Evening.

"Fourteen" has been well represented in musical and dramatic activities. Earl Wagar, Bill Corbett, Bill McArthur, Jerry Nesti, and Bill Comrie were musically inclined, while Graham Beatty and Bernard Thompson took part in the play "Milestones."

We were very fortunate in obtaining "One of Canada's Best" for a class teacher, the very popular Mr. Arnason. Altogether, our memories of Room 14 will be pleasant ones to visualize in future years.



Back Row—D. Trott (Sport Capt.), B. Colquhoun, T. Fleming (Sec.), B. Wright, G. Lough, D. Marshall, G. Creba, D. Cummings.
 Third Row—G. Wallace, B. Stinson, A. Johnston, R. Baker, O. Thorsteinson, C. Gibb, L. Clark, B. Wilson, G. Argyle, K. Hoccom, J. Volkman.
 Second Row—J. Gork, N. Mortimer, L. Kiely, J. King, G. Wilson, R. Wright, G. Butler, W. Bremer, F. Clark, W. Gordon, B. Bemister, J. Jackson.
 First Row—S. Adams, L. Pierce, A. Taylor, C. Pink, Mr. Warren, B. Edmondson (Pres.), B. Thornburn, H. Johnstone, R. Waitt.

ROOM 17

ROOM 17 has been fortunate this year in having as a leader, Mr. Warren, who proved himself a good all-round sport, in other activities as well as studies. Being an "Eveless Eden," Room 17 set to work in an unhampered style and soon earned for itself a scholarly reputation.

In athletics we started out by trailing two points behind the winning team in football. In basketball we started with a loss, but progressed into wins, finally culminating in a three-cornered tie, with Room 17 one of the best. Congratulations are due to the room on its great success in hockey. Room 17 went through the hockey schedule without a loss, and then finished up by beating the Grade XI team 7-6 to carry off the school championship! Just to give the boys the thrill of seeing their names in print, we will put down the names of the hockey players: Ted Fleming, Bill Edmondson, Douglas Trott, Olgeir Thorsteinson, Winston Bremer, Alec Taylor, Norman Mortimer, Winnie Wilkinson, Franklin Clarke, David Marshall, Art Johnson. Congratulations, boys!

Perhaps our successful year is due, in a large part, to our fine executive: Bill Edmondson, President; John Bannerman, Vice-President; Ted Fleming, Secretary; Douglas Trott, Sports Captain. Everyone of these boys fulfilled his position in a manner worthy of praise.

Other notables of Room 17 are: Herbert Belyea, geometrical wizard; Syd Adams, who despite his hums and haws, is an ardent debater; Robert Stinson, who can straighten his face from a grin to a serious look in record-breaking time; Winnie Wilkinson, speed skater; Rudyard Waite, the "Grey Matter" of the class; Gordon Lough and Clifford Pink, basketball enthusiasts; Lloyd Pierce, optimistic midget of the class; and Bert Wright, our melodic (?) saxophonist.

Put in with these notables a group of boys raring to go, and what have you, aside from our studies? Just a real good social acquaintance!



Back Row—Doug. Owen, Bob Buckham, Sibley Ramsey, Keith Waddington, Ed. MacInnes, Bruce MacLeod, Edgar Gee, Alan McCarten, Eric Sutherland, Ed. Cancilla, Desmond Campbell, Aubrey Waring.

Second Row—Doug. Burns, Bryan Cooke-Laver, Jim Sutherland, Len Peto, Gordon Thomas, Bob Harrison, Bill Dempsey, Alfred Mansell, Allan Laing, Len Turner, Jack Skinner, Angus Wallace.

Front Row—Stewart Noble (Sports Capt.), Jack Williams (Vice-Pres.), Garson Vogel (Sec. Treas.), Bill Paterson (Pres.), Miss E. Groelle, Ted Cohen, Bruce McDonald, Ted Fabre, Jack MacDowell, Bill Whyte.

Missing—Doug. McLeod, Maurice Moor.

ROOM 19

THIS year Room 19 has chalked up a remarkable record for room and school activities, probably due to the fact that it is 100 per cent masculine, with none of the weaker sex to divert attention from the clock.

Our President, Bill Paterson, was ably supported throughout the year by Jack Williams, Vice-President; Garson Vogel, Chief Money-Extortioner (Garson has that taking way); Stewart Noble, Sports Captain; and about thirty other students.

Bordering on the intellectual, we might mention that our class debating teams won their first two inter-room debates with Rooms 5 and 17 and are expecting further victories as the season continues. Congratulations are due to Bob Harrison, who played the part of "Fabian" in "Twelfth Night," and Aubrey Waring, who was chosen to play as "Sam Sibley" in "Milestones."

A weiner roast in October and three parties formed our social activities, not including however the many times that we have been entertained by various teachers after school.

In Sports we did very well. Although our hockey team only won two games, we made up for it in basketball and football. Four of our members hold positions on the school basketball teams. With the arrival of spring we have great hopes that Room 19 will be well represented on Field Day.

In conclusion we might add that we have had a very enjoyable year and we wish to thank those teachers who were fortunate (?) enough to teach us.



Back Row—Bill Bryans, Archie Glendenning, Kathleen Munn, Frances Bleakley, Barbara Stuckey, Nora Jones, Bernice Crooks, Katherine Brodrick, Marian Melvin, Julia Cayley, Don Whitehouse, Clarke Dennis.
 Third Row—Jack Dewart, Lloyd Oke, Moray Little, Margaret Hurst, Thelma Zimmerman, Renée McGinley, Ruth Millar, Dorothy Van Alstyne, Dorothy Taylor, Marian Haig, Katharine Jeffries, Bob Gamble.
 Second Row—Celia Bruser, Patricia Loutit, Olive Hand, Ruth Williams, Frances Otto, Mrs. Laughland, Jessie Milligan, Arleigh Sewell, Ellen Deayton, Shirley Rutherford, Ethel McGuff.
 First Row—Douglas Skead, Jack McPhail, Jim Hillman, Billy Turner, Jack Smith, Ian Brown, Ralph Westberg, Clyde Currie, Brian Bailey.
 Absent—Dorothy York, Edith MacDowell.

ROOM 8

A Record of Momentous Events!

SEPTEMBER, 1933.—With mobilization on all fronts there come to Room 8 various students from the Junior High Schools. With the General Staff consisting of Mrs. Laughland, Field-Marshal; Doug. Skead, General; Don Whitehouse, Second-in-Command; Nora Jones, Secretary of War, at the control, plans are drawn up for the year's campaigns. The opening skirmishes with Latin, French, and Algebra soon lead to the real battle.

October and November.—The cold weather does not quell the students' ambition. As activities develop on various fronts there are those who distinguish themselves. One, Archie Glendinning, excels in sports and is elected boys' sports captain; and another, Pat Loutit, the star skater, shares this honor as the girls' captain.

December.—Fierce engagements with cohorts of Algebra, Languages, and History, and counter-attacks by the students. Doug. Skead, Jim Hillman, Ellen Deayton, and Archie Glendinning are particularly successful in beating off this common enemy and overcome the worst onslaughts of the Examination Battalion. "Twelfth Night" also needs the ability of Whitehouse to make it a success and Room 8 enters the field of drama.

January.—Back to school and we see many long faces. Mrs. Laughland is proving her worth in keeping the army well supplied with ammunition (homework).

February, March, April.—Other activities in the school. Music, orchestra and choruses draw recruits from Room 8.

May and June.—With the closing stages of the struggle the students hope to rise to new heights, both in the Exams and the Field Day. Thus Room 8 hopes to finish the scholastic term with colors flying and bands playing.



Back Row—Jack Cottrell, Harry Florentine, Pat Meston, George Jordan, Douglas Robertson, Charlie Grant, Douglas Corner, Donald Jackson, Neil Matheson, Gordon Mullin.

Third Row—Hugh Allan, Norman Gatchell, Bob Reid, Gordon Petrie, Sidney Sturk, Gordon Alderson, Dick Anderson, Godfrey Hayes, Lyle Conquest, Arthur Clark, Barry Leipsic, Tom Daniel.

Second Row—Edgar Hewitt, George Gramme, Charlie McLean, Lloyd Martin, Bob Soper, Bob Forrest, Roy Beeby, Harold Bichell, John Sturrick, Jack Scorer, Roy McDonald, Frank Dagg.

First Row—Gordon McDill, Tom Evans, Donald Craig, Donald Butcher, Ewan McFadyen, Miss Bell, Henry Katz, Walter Vatnsdal, Stanley Beirnes, Glen Campbell, David Fry.

Missing—John Delury, Ronald Payne, Jack Tedford.

ROOM 9

THIS is the voice of Room 9 broadcasting the tales of valor performed by men of might from station GBHS. Under the able supervision of Miss Bell, class teacher, and the room executive consisting of Jack Scorer, President; Frank Dagg, Vice-President; Dick Anderson, Secretary; and Gordon Petrie, Sports Captain, Room 9 has proved its mettle.

Our hockey, football, and basketball teams have been victorious in all Grade IX competitions, and have won many games against Grade X teams. A member of the room who has kept our name prominent in sports is Hugh Allan, goal-keeper for the school hockey team, and a member of the all-star high school team.

Besides sportsmen the room possesses such budding Carusos and Tibbetts as Tom Daniels, Frank Dagg, Bob Forrest, and Roy McDonald, all members of the Male Voice and Mixed Choirs.

Uniting with Room 10 we held three parties, all at the home of Bob Forrest, a classmate. These parties were a huge success, and we look forward to others before the holidays.

The members of our class feel that they have had a very successful year with representatives in all school activities.

Well, our allotted time is up. Room 9 is now signing off until next year. Your announcer is Donald Jackson, Room Editor.



Back Row—Alberta Blaikie, Marion Fraser, Joey Petrie, Beth McCleod, Dorothy Bell, Violet MacFadyen, Margaret Stewart, Evelyn Richardson, Jean Crerar, Valerie Lennox, Roberta Allen, Evelyn Doolan, Marguerite MacGregor, Katherine Ferguson, Betty Miller, Edna Walker.

Second Row—Constance White, Doris Hamilton, Claudie Quinn, Mildred Reid, Margaret Hill, Viola Morton, Billie MacIsaac, Irene Walters, Peggy Roach, Dorothy Badger, Helen Henry, Lillian Einarsson, Betty Winther, Anita Maass, Freda Isaacs.

First Row—Frances Karpick, Shirley Davidson, Margaret Lamont, May Dickie, Reta Potter, Edith Sheffield, Miss Sanders, Effie Lyle, Mary Mulholland, Margaret McCurdy, Shirley Solberg, Edith Laursen, Alice Wyer.

ROOM 10

AFTER sailing the seven seas of scholarship for the past ten months Boat Number Ten is coming in at last.

We have fought many battles, but in the end have emerged victorious. This is largely due to the efforts of our faithful captain, Miss E. Sanders, and her help-mates, who are as follows: Edith Sheffield, First-Mate (President); Rene Walters, Second-Mate (Vice-President); Dorothy Bell, Engineer (Secretary); Katherine Ferguson, Sports Captain; and Evelyn Richardson, Editor.

Shortly after the fall term commenced we held a party which was enjoyed by all.

Musical ability is abundant in Room 10. Many of our class-mates are in the Girls' Chorus, while Rene Walters, Jean Crerar, and Katherine Ferguson comprised the trio which proved to be one of the outstanding items of the school concert.

We have athletes in our class, too. Rene Walters, Margaret Lamont, and Joey Petrie were Grade IX representatives for the speed skating. Two of our girls, Dorothy Bell and Joey Petrie, honored us by making the school volleyball team.

Altogether, Boat Number 10 has had a very enjoyable and successful cruise during the year 1933-34, and hopes for many more to follow—under Captain Sanders if possible.

ROOM 21

(Continued from page 40)

As we reach the climax, two scenes dominate all the rest: Jack Ashton rises head and shoulders above the rest as he appears for a brief moment to steal his scene completely. He was largely responsible for the Year Book advertising. And, as if to rival his performance, Hugh Hawkins, one of the "extras," makes all three school teams.

Then with the curtain slowly falling, you realize here is a show that was a success, and that each player acted his or her part very well—all co-operating as one to make our production an overwhelming success.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE



Home Economics

YES, everyone would understand us if we used the terms "cooking and sewing" but the High School program in Home Economics today is more comprehensive in its training and is planned to give the girls a well-rounded idea of the many factors contributing not only to good homemaking but to worthy home membership.

The modern home is complicated, and definite skills are needed and definite knowledge is necessary. It is just as important as ever to know the technique of preparing a luscious beefsteak or putting a bias fold on one's dress, but it is also important to know how to select that beefsteak and what fabric to choose for the dress. With intelligent marketing must go a knowledge of food values and of fabric values, so we have our food studies and our textile course.

With the food study must go hand in hand our food combination, and so we have meal planning and nutrition. With nutrition is linked not only personal hygiene but sanitary surroundings and so our lessons in cleaning have a new significance and interest.

The Child Care Study and Home Care of the Sick are important units in the course. Planning how to spend money is a fascinating subject and the budgeting unit is only second in interest to the Family Relationship unit.

But perhaps best of all in this course are the individual contacts and co-operation and responsibility that develop day by day in the working out together of the theories planned and discussed. Courtesy, orderliness, and initiative are developed—qualities that are necessary for good citizenship.

When a student has graduated in the course of Home Economics she should fit herself for one of the many openings available in this work. But no matter what line of business a girl intends to take up, she should have the knowledge and ability of Home Economics to be able to manage her own personal and household affairs.

ROOM 15

(Continued from page 36)

senior basketball captain. Don Lingwood—Rugby, basketball. Reg Frankling—Senior basketball. Bill Guest—Junior basketball. Frank Brown—Junior basketball. D'arcy Bruce—Junior basketball. Don Colquhoun—Hockey. Alfred Crooks—Skating. Ivan Philips—"Twelfth Night," soccer. Lilian Kay—Milestones.

We might name many more who were in the choruses or orchestra but feel that you should be convinced that Room 15 has something to boast about.

G

THE GRADUATES

B

What About The Graduates ?

HELLO, Gordon Bell! Here we are again! The same old enthusiastic gang.

And if you think we're less enthusiastic about Gordon Bell affairs than we were last year, you're badly mistaken. This year, old students have shown a remarkable interest in the proceedings of their old Alma Mater. Our main line of endeavor has taken the course of dramatic activities, and so this page will be devoted mainly to the progress of the Gordon Bell Dramatic Society.

The idea of forming a club for dramatics was conceived by Mr. G. E. Snider. Accordingly, organization was brought about and the club held its first meeting in the fall. At this meeting officers were elected and plans for the further functioning of the club were discussed. The officers elected were: President, Edgar Markwart, one of the hardest and most diligent workers I have ever had the pleasure of meeting; Treasurer, Charlie Veysey, who can sell anything to anybody; Secretary, "Minnow" Green, who was forced to resign because of business worries—his place was taken by David Goldstein; finally, our indispensable assistants were Georgene Findlay and Sybil Zeal. No doubt you have guessed by this time who our Honorary President is—Mr. Snider; and take a tip from me, elect him to the same position next year. His aid is invaluable.

Having dispensed with the preliminaries, both of this article and of our club activities, I shall tell you something of the actual productions of our aspiring members.

Two plays, produced and directed entirely by Gordon Bell Grads, were presented at each meeting. There was a noticeable improvement from one meeting to another in the high standard of presentation. Just to give an idea of the type of work the club is doing, these were some of the plays—"Ghost Story," "Florist Shop," "Grand Cam's Diamond," "Trifles," "Blue Pitcher," the variety of which efforts speaks well for the versatility of our members. At one of the later meetings, "Valiant," a drama, was produced. Professor Jones, in his criticism, praised the remarkable work of director and actors. All agreed with him that this was the outstanding effort of the year.

As a fitting climax to an enjoyable and successful season we presented a dramatic evening at which our guest cast of Little Theatre Players, under the direction of Mrs. A. O. Smith, presented the "Blue Pitcher," which had been entered in the drama festival. The Grads also presented two plays, and the school orchestra entertained a large audience of students, grads and visitors.

Of course, you all know that "Milestones" was jointly produced by the school and the graduates—naturally our main undertaking for the year. It was indeed gratifying to see how the graduates enthusiastically co-operated in making this venture the success it was.

It is the sincere wish of the graduates that this worthy work will be carried on with even greater enthusiasm by the Grads of Class '34. Congratulations, Grads, and best of luck for next year!



HVMOVR



Women were made before mirrors
—they've been before them ever
since.

—O—

"Your Hugh must be the 'idol' of
the family."

"You said it," snorted Mr. Haw-
kins in disgust.

—O—

When a woman's in love she
thinks there is no other man in the
world—

When a man's in love he thinks
the same thing.

—O—

Reverend "Snowball" Rieth—"And
de wicked shall be whirled into ut-
tah dahkness foheveah mo'."

Brother "Eightball" Jackson —
"Whirled widout end—Amen."

—O—

It is when we forget ourselves
that we do things that are remem-
bered.

—O—

Dot—"Gee that one-step made me
dizzy, I gotta sit down."

Jim—"There's a swell bench at
the foot of the garden."

Dot—"Thanks a lot, but I'm not so
dizzy as all that."

—O—

Old Acquaintance — "Hello, Mr.
Simms. Who are you working for
now?"

Mr. Sims—"Same old bunch, wife
'n two kids."

—O—

Gallant (eagerly)—"May I come,
too?"

Kay—"You'll never come to, un-
conscious."

—O—

Blessed are the homesick—for they
shall go home.

—O—

There is only one thing that I can
think of that is more harmful than
drink—thirst.

If it's possible, it's done; if it's im-
possible—let's do it.

—O—

Mrs. Colquhoun—"What were you
doing at school today, Donald?"

Don—"We had a swell time, shoot-
ing craps all day."

Mrs. C—"Now, Donald, I want you
to stop shooting those poor little
craps, you know they want to live
just as much as you do."

—O—

Edelstein—"I have a new baby
brother."

York—"Is he going to stay?"

Edelstein—"I guess so, he's got
all his things off."

—O—

Miss Groelle—"What does 'pas de
tout' mean?"

—"Father of twins."

—O—

Mr. Gow is only a high school
chemist but he sure has some hot
retorts.

—O—

Flirtation is paying attention with-
out intention.

—O—

Mr. Fyles is only a History teacher
but he sure knows his dates.

—O—

Mr. MacIntyre is only an Algebra
teacher but he sure knows his fig-
ures.

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Beach-Nuts



PRIZE POEM

(By a "Schüler" of Gordon Bell)

I gasped as I glimpsed her beauty
 so fair,
 As in the moonlight she danced quite
 bare
 Of ornament or dress.
 I marvelled at her lithesome way,
 Her Sylvan grace was like the spray
 Devoid of any stress.
 Her naked beauty seemed to en-
 trance
 Me all the more in her nocturnal
 dance.
 I gazed in speechless awe!
 She fairly rippled—so lithe was she!
 No mortal could so graceful be,
 She was without a flaw!
 I longed to take and hold
 Her forever there
 How could I be so bold?
 I could no longer motionless stand;
 I rushed to her before she was
 aware.
 Oh! Could I ever dare?
 I touched her with a trembling hand.
 I stood aghast with fear—
 Boy oh boy—the lake was cold!
 No swimming for a while this year!

PRIZE STORY

By SINCLAIR SWIM

For months he had been planning
 this out! His scheme was perfect.
 They would never prove his guilt.
 There would be no evidence, no
 proof against him. But if he were

caught—he shuddered to think of
 the consequences. He dismissed fur-
 ther speculation from his mind, for
 now he was started on his deadly
 mission.

He crept down the stairs; feeling
 his way down. Cautiously, at first,
 but growing bolder as he progressed,
 he stole down to the very cellar.
 There his groping hands found the
 object of their exploration—a ham-
 mer. Stealthily creeping up the
 stairs, he made his way to the fate-
 ful room—the room where he was
 soon to do away with that dreaded
 spectre haunting him. He would not
 be bullied much longer. It was his
 house. He was master, even if he
 had to prove it by force—aye, brutal
 force.

He raised the hammer in his hand
 —claw-end downward. "This will do
 it better," he mused malevolently,
 fingering the claw of the hammer.
 He crept up to his helpless victim.
 He raised the deadly weapon—there
 was a horrible crunching sound as he
 brought it down with full force.

He struck again and again. In
 seeming madness he rained frenzied
 blows upon the object of his hatred.

The deed was done! A grisled
 object lay on the floor—a shape-
 less, lifeless thing it was. Algeron
 Pinklethwaite Winterbottom had
 pulled that unsightly nail from the
 wall!

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Phone 37 589

Room Humour

ROOM 15

How To Keep Young!

WATCH Lillian Kay when she is having a giggling spell—or Bill Guest and Jack Cowan shoot a pencil back and forth across their desk after four—Did you ever see Jim Davidson try to hide his mystery story from Mr. Gow—Or Norman Inman do likewise with a crossword puzzle—Any study period a battle takes place between those two great pests, Frank Brown and Ivan Phillips—A perfect picture of contentment is a young fellow named Hearst as he leans back with a contented sigh and puts his feet on the desk, thus obstructing Mr. Gow's view—And speaking of feet, it is a spry person who can climb over Reg Frankling's pedal extremities when he spreads them in the aisle—We are glad to see that Don Whitely belongs to the North End Athletic Club.

ROOM 16

MISS LAIDLAW glaring angrily around the room—Ramsay, the "Tall Timber" from B.C., telling one of his "yarns" to Bloomer, the Reserved—the gloomy Chisholm, sheik of the History class, cavorting with McDermott, shriek of all classes—Jim King, swinging his colossal "booties" up on his desk, treating the class to some "facials" while trying to attract the garrulous Josephine's attention—Jo busy explaining to the "Tall Davie" that Miss Laidlaw is looking and they had better stop talking—Simons selling "thum tickets to a danth" to handsome "Fritz" Ivorson—Bridgman losing his temper—Blier working puzzles—Adie at school—Steve limping in late again—Rollins "horse-laffing"—That's Sixteen!

If You Chance Into Room 18:

SEE Gladys White for the latest gossip . . . have a good reason for not going to Latin class . . . don't get Irma Toews in a fit of giggles . . . beware of Lois Phillips when she asks for the loan of a nickel . . . don't walk home with Do and Vange (you'll never get there) . . . ask Marie Ladd for the correct time . . . bring a gas mask to chemistry period . . . see Maureen Campbell for the latest joke . . . don't take it seriously when Cath. Hiebert calls you "angel" . . . don't make too much noise—you might wake Alice Anderson and Norma Dow . . . ask Helen M. what she thinks of "No. 5" on the Kenora hockey team . . . see Norah M. for her latest poem . . . ask Cora T. how she enjoyed the Musical Festival . . . just smile and bear it when Miss Groelle makes fun of your homework excuses . . . don't argue with Mr. Snider about that appointment you have.

Room 20 Line Up

TOM JACKSON—President (please treat with respect); Harry Armstrong —You're late—a nickel or an hour; Don Clark—The Great; Jack Wann —athletic—Sports Captain; Len Reith—No cracks, I'm writing this; Don Grant—Keeps gum companies in business; Ronald Morris—The thinker; Ralph Eagle—Where's my dime, Zunger?; Alf Sprange—Wanna buy a ticket to a Demolay dance?; Art Nares—Sea Cadet—Ship ahoy, lads!; Howard Chadwick—Premiere Burpeuse; Eric Allison—Got any poker hands?; Derrick Wilson—I wish I had an ace; Bill McIntosh—Very quiet; Fred Woods —Wot a man!; Hugh Craig—Cherchez les femmes!; Horace Bowser—Horse-

laffer deluxe; Edgar Cawker—Bet you dough on that; Ted Lamont—The model student; Sid White—Entirely too studious for Room 20; "Bud" Cummings—Am I good or am I good?; Willard Keith—Also very quiet; Harry Lawrie—Seen but not heard.

ROOM 21

HUGH HAWKINS—"Too Late."
 Muriel Atkins and Mr. Simms—"Neighbors."
 Joe O'Connell—"You've Had a Busy Day, Little Man."
 J. Ashton—"Where the Shy Little Violets Grow."
 Alexina McGarrol—"The Skater's Waltz."
 Bea Frederick—"Painting the Clouds With Sunshine."
 Eleanor Lambert—"You're in My Power."
 Roda Jones—"Sophisticated Lady."
 G. Mathieson—"Laughing at the Funnies."
 Einarsson and Vipond—"Two Suitors."
 Eggertson, Bailey and Bower—"Three of Us."
 Jack Scott—"You've got to Be a Football Hero."
 Gladys Rose—"Only a Rose."
 Margaret Thompson—"Just Dreaming."
 Butler Walker—"Sweet and Lovely."
 Harold Moore—"My Silent Love."
 J. Williams—"We're in the Money."
 Earl Johnson—"Anchors A-weigh."
 Marvin Hawkins—"Running Between the Rain Drops."
 Mr. Simms—"One Hour With Me."

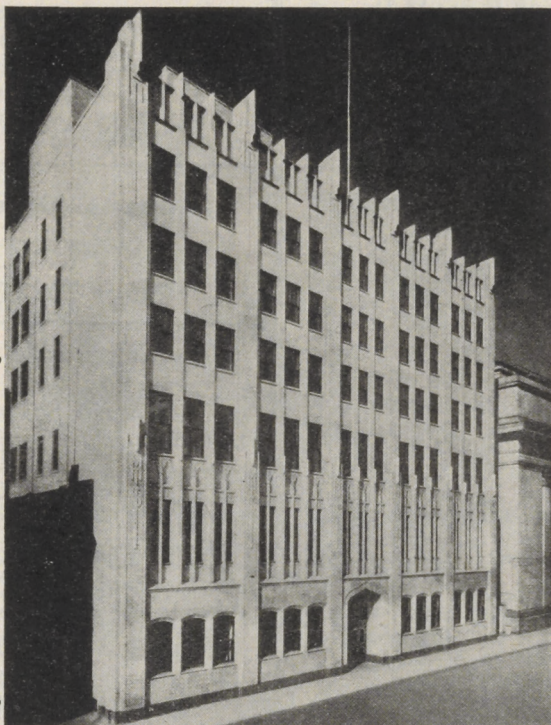
ROOM 22

IF YOU care to barge into Room 22 about nine o'clock you will have a life-size picture of Eddie Cantor's motto, "Keep Young and Beautiful"—Mona Rollins busy behind her purse vainly endeavoring to make herself beautiful—or Irene Kovsky wielding the lipstick professionally—or Betty Cole having a giggling spell—the Crossword Puzzle bug finds two victims, Hazel Buchanan and Ruth Haney. But if you're like Phoebe Roberts and come in about ten—well, the sight will be much different—don't get anxious—there will be at least a dozen awake, so you won't feel out of place. About this time Eleanor Ward and Ruth Hammond will be in the midst of that daily discussion of their boy friends. In the back, Helen Hall-dorson is doing her best to comb those golden locks! And above all this, Miss Hewton is faithfully doing her best to maintain peace and order.

ROOM 23

SOON we will be looking back on our halcyon school days and will remember: When Jocelyn Campbell was pursued in the lobby; when Mary Taylor came to school early; when Dot Huggins gave her diving exhibition; when Louise Helliwell first wore her shorts after the wash; when Norah Hanley switched her tunic; when Ruth Fryer debated; when we typed carbon side down on our copy. We will never forget when Isabel Amos paid her bill to Room 5; when Suzanne Collon conversed in French; when some romantic Romeo took Margaret Lennox's fiddle; when Margie Thirwell, running to the wrong basket in the final game, nearly scored; when Betty Coyle wore boys' size 11 rubbers; when Mona Frye lent a valuable possession to the Winter Club.

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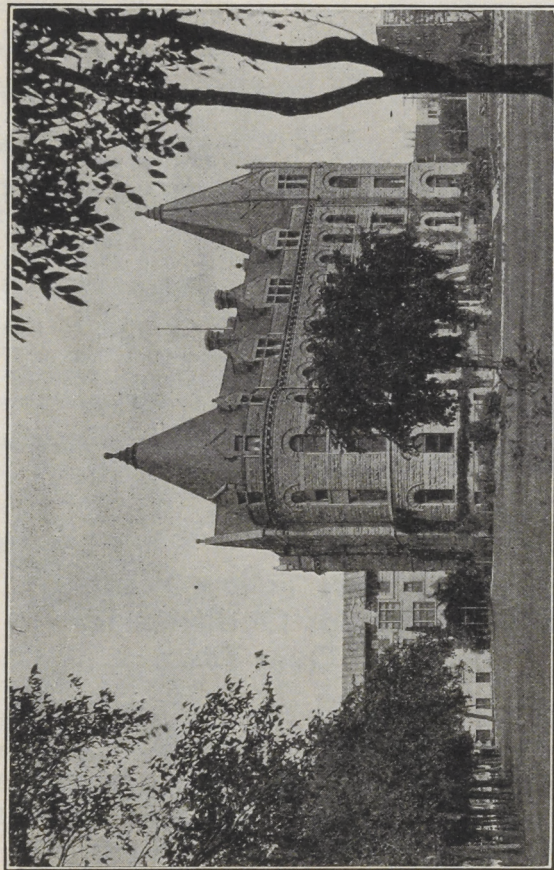
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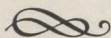
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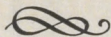
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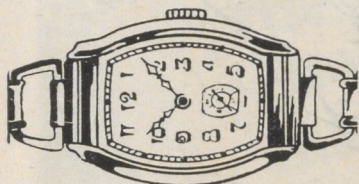
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